

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1879.

## The Week.

THE Congressional chapter has been as dull as a revolutionary anti-climax must needs be, and was made additionally solemn by a farewell exchange of views between Messrs. Blaine and Hill on the mighty question of the latter's loyalty to the Union, past, present, and future. The House discharged its proper business for the session on Wednesday week when it passed the Army Appropriation Bill with only 30 nays, of which 11 were Republican. The sixth section of the vetoed bill had been tamed down into a prohibition of the use of the money appropriated in transporting or in any manner supporting troops intended to preserve peace at the polls. Mr. Springer failed on Monday to pass, under a suspension of the rules, a bill declaring it unlawful to employ the army or navy for this purpose; the party vote standing 108 to 82. For the crude and unsatisfactory House Legislative Appropriations Bill, somewhat improved in committee, a faint-hearted attempt was made in the Senate by Mr. Beck to supply a substitute; but party discipline prevailed, and the bill passed on Friday by 32 to 23. Saturday was spent in debating the so-called Supplemental or Judicial Appropriations Bill. With the help of Mr. Hill it was amended so as to allow Federal judges anywhere at discretion to draw from the State jury-boxes instead of on the partisan plan also prescribed, and the bill was passed on Monday by 27 to 15.

The bill to prevent political contributions by civil-service employés, which was introduced in the House on Saturday, is by no means an admirable measure viewed merely as legislative handiwork. It is, too, open to suspicion as being proposed not by the party in power but by the Opposition, to whom it would give a great advantage in the elections of the next two years. Mr. Conger, of Michigan, went so far as to call it "the most infamous measure ever presented by a political party." All this, however, need not prevent it from serving as an excellent touchstone for both parties, and for the President himself if it should ever reach him. Mr. Hayes's order to office-holders seemed infamous to the Stalwarts, as everybody remembers, and we can all wait patiently for the result of this first sign of activity on the part of the select Committee on Civil Service Reform.

The attack made on Mr. Bayard as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee is, perhaps, too confidently relied upon as a sign of an impending split between the Eastern and Western Democrats. The Warner Silver Bill had got into the hands of the Senate Finance Committee, which decided to do nothing about it this session, so his Democratic colleagues proposed a resolution discharging the Committee from the further consideration of the measure—or, in other words, taking it out of their hands. This, under Congressional usage, is a sort of insult; so Mr. Bayard and Mr. Kernan threatened to resign if this plan was carried out, and it is now reported that it has been abandoned. The Silver Democrats are, in fact, between the devil and the deep sea. They want to pass the Warner bill to satisfy their constituents at the West, who are silver mad, and at the same time they are afraid to break with the rich Democrats of the East, on whom they have to rely for campaign funds, having no office-holders to levy on. This last seems to be the most important consideration at present, so Mr. Bayard will probably be allowed to have his way. His theory is that he ought not to remain in a committee after it plainly appears that he does not represent the views of his party. This is not the prevailing opinion in Congress, however. Ordinarily the power of committees over measures in their hands is treated as little short of absolute; a view which, as the

Boston *Advertiser* has pointed out, has its inconveniences. But the notion that there is likely to be a split among the Democrats is hardly justified by experience. It seems as if nothing could split either of the great parties at present. One will put up with anything in order to keep power, and the other will put up with anything in order to gain it. Union is kept up by allowing difference of opinion on every subject except one, and that is the propriety of letting the rival concern get the offices. There are among the Republicans as bad silver-men as Warner, but it does not injure their standing in the party a particle, and seeing this the Democrats are not going to be any more rigid.

The House Committee on the Judiciary made last week a long report on the President's veto of the Military Interference Bill—so long, indeed, that its utility as a part of the campaign "record" against Mr. Hayes and his party is seriously impaired. It first recites the history of the veto of the Army Appropriation Bill, which it dismisses with a cutting rebuke to the Executive for presuming to lecture Congress about attaching political riders to appropriation bills. Then, after noticing how much stronger ground the President took in his second veto than in his first, in spite of all the Democratic concessions to suit his prejudices, it examines and seeks to confute his objections in detail. His assertion that troops had not been and would not be used, under his Administration, to interfere with any State election, receives the proper comment that he might change his mind or have a less scrupulous successor; but nothing is alleged to justify the extreme urgency which the forcing of an extra session of Congress implied. Nor is a single instance adduced to prove the abuse under Grant of the permission to keep the peace at the polls; all such abuses being, as we believe, referrible not to the statute sought to be amended, but to the general view of the powers of the Executive at the South, which Grant inherited rather than originated. The Committee argue at length that the Interference Bill, if a law, would have been no hindrance to Washington in suppressing the Whiskey Rebellion, Jefferson in dealing with Aaron Burr, Jackson in cowering nullification, or Lincoln in meeting the rebellion. They also endeavor to show that the Interference Bill, by expressly repealing all laws in conflict with its prohibitions, ties the hands of the President in the execution of certain laws referred to in the veto not more than does the existing statute, with its specification of the emergencies that alone legalize the presence of troops at the polls. Finally, they deny that there is any such thing as a "national election" or a "national peace," even in connection with the power to execute a legal process, quoting on this point Mr. Evarts while Attorney-General under Johnson; and hence they conclude, against the President's hypothesis, that a situation could not arise in which Federal troops, lawfully called in to preserve the peace at a State election, would be debarred from securing the peace at a national election at the same time and place.

The *Times* has some excellent though sneering remarks on Mr. Thurlow Weed's habit of writing up silver and bi-metallism in the papers, by which he has undoubtedly done some mischief. We alluded to it when the Bland Bill was before Congress. Mr. Weed is a very old man, and has many titles to respect, but knowledge of the silver question is not one of them. He has passed a long life in politics, but he never was noted for attention to questions of finance, and a man does not become an authority on finance, as many people seem to think, simply by growing old, any more than by being a ready speaker, as other people seem to think. Authority on this as on other subjects is gained by experience, by reading and reflection, and not by the practice of "politics," either of New York or any other State. An old man who has not examined a question is no better off as far as the question is concerned than a

young man; is likely to be worse, because he is likely to approach it with a less flexible judgment and less keen perceptions. A man may have voted for every President of the United States and attended every nominating convention ever held, and yet have nothing to say about silver and gold that is worth listening to. In the matter of care in forming opinions the old ought to set the young a good example.

The negro "exodus" to Kansas has unquestionably run its course for the present, and it is now clear both that it was highly local in its character, and that the extent of it has been very much exaggerated. The reports received at the New Orleans cotton exchange from ninety correspondents show labor to be unsettled only in thirteen districts; Louisiana has lost fewer hands than Mississippi, and has even gained some emigrants from its neighbor. Governor St. John, of Kansas, states that "something over 3,000 colored people," mostly in destitute circumstances, have come there from the South. The Topeka correspondent of the *Lansing (Mich.) Republican*, a Stalwart sheet if there be any, cannot learn that more than 3,000 or 4,000 have entered Kansas since the first arrivals at Wyandotte, and believes that most of these "will find when it is too late that they have made a great mistake in leaving their old homes." What he hears of the older negro colonies in the State is not encouraging, and benevolent efforts to found new ones by providing lands and assistance while making a start are sure to fail, and would prove a curse to the colored people themselves. "It would engender idleness, encourage a spirit of reliance upon others, and bring about a state of things injurious to both the givers and receivers of this intended bounty." At the South the most encouraging symptom is the activity of the Cotton Planters' Association, whose headquarters is in Vicksburg, and whose aim is to unite the cotton-planting interest in behalf of the best methods of cultivation, diversity of crops, improved stock, and some practical plan of labor immigration. The President and leading spirit of this organization, according to a writer in the Boston *Herald*, is fully impressed with the evils of the tenant, share, and credit systems in which both whites and blacks are miserably involved.

One of the most marked and unmistakable signs of the revival of business is a strike on a great scale among the spinners at Fall River. A reduction of fifteen per cent. in their wages was submitted to in April, 1878, on the understanding that it would be restored with the return of better times. They have now decided, in view of the rising market, that the better times have come; but the manufacturers hold that the better times, as they understand it, will not have come until they have recovered some of the heavy losses of the past five years. The actual loss sustained by the mills at Fall River, apart from the depreciation, or in some cases total "wiping-out," of the stock, is calculated at \$4,000,000. The wages at present paid by the various mills amount to \$310,000 monthly, which the operatives are now preparing to sacrifice, and in addition to this they have resolved to get rid also of their savings, or run in debt, by pledging themselves to their own support for three weeks without taking aid from the Union. The movement is said to be mainly promoted by foreign labor-agitators, and it promises enforced idleness for many weeks to twelve or fifteen thousand men, women, and children, and the suspension of production amounting, in the case of thirty print-cloth mills, to 149,500 pieces weekly. All these strikes are, of course, in reality an attempt to manage very complicated business enterprises through universal suffrage; and the history of the co-operative movement in England seems to make it certain that in the existing state of human nature they cannot succeed—that is to say, co-operation in consumption has been an enormous, almost bewildering, success. The co-operative associations of the Rochdale type are immensely wealthy, and do a business of from \$60,000,000 to \$75,000,000 yearly, but not one of the producing associations has succeeded. The reason is plain enough. The talent needed for production is rare and has to be highly paid, and the men who have it, as a general rule, will not work for others, and

least of all for mass meetings composed of people who grudge anybody higher salaries than they themselves can make by hand-work, or than they get mere clerks for.

A murder strikingly resembling that of Mr. Nathan some years ago was committed during the week upon an elderly lady, Mrs. Hull, in her bed on the parlor floor of her house in West Forty-second Street. She was alone on that floor, in the back part of the house, and her room was easily accessible from the basement. As she had a good deal of jewelry the temptation to murder her, to any murderously disposed person who knew how she passed her nights, was strong; but it does not appear to be clear that her death was really intended by her assailants. She was gagged as well as tied, and the gagging may have suffocated her accidentally. Sleeping alone on the lower floor of a New York house, the rest of the family being up-stairs, is substantially the same thing as sleeping alone in the house, and no woman ought to attempt it. There is, therefore, nothing very remarkable about the murder, and nobody would have considered it very remarkable if Mrs. Hull had been awakened by burglars in her room, and they had threatened and gagged her until they got off with their booty; and in the present state of our criminal jurisprudence a burglar's temptation to commit murder when discovered is very strong. What gives the case most of its peculiarity is the treatment of it by the press. Some of the papers blame the police a good deal for not laying their hands at once on the murderer, apparently on the theory that the policeman is a sort of guardian angel who ought to watch over each citizen while he sleeps, or at all events meet assassins when they are leaving his chamber. Others again have undertaken the job of finding the murderer themselves, and will have it that it was the unfortunate lady's husband, a doctor over seventy-four years old, who killed her. What his motive was they do not as yet reveal, but they intimate that if we concede that he is guilty they will supply his motive by and by. In the Nathan case they charged the dead man's son with the crime, and were disgusted with him because he would not confess it.

All this is due to the deadly influence of the dread of "beats." This passion impels every reporter to go straight to the most sensational view of every subject because it may turn out to be the correct one, and in that case the glory and profit of having first propounded it will be very great. Should it prove incorrect, nothing worse will result than a certain amount of suffering to some individual or family. When somebody is murdered, of course the murder is better news if committed by some near and dear relative than if committed by a total stranger, and accordingly the reporter, if he has any chance at all, fastens it on a husband or wife or son. One who has had no experience of a calamity of any kind in his domestic circle which has a "newsy" look, has no idea of the fierce impatience with which the reporters now assault the house, the regular employes of the daily papers being reinforced, and indeed often swept away, by bodies of private collectors, who gather up news on speculation and sell it to the city editors. We know of a case in which a house had to be defended against them by the police, after they had threatened to kick the door in. To men in this temper anybody is capable of a murder or robbery, and has to keep a very civil tongue in his head to escape being charged with it.

The financial markets show a tendency towards a halt in the active speculative movement that has prevailed during the last few months; the result, perhaps, of unusually high prices, of doubts about the result of the Western harvest, and of the closing of speculative accounts in anticipation of summer recreation. Government bonds, however, maintain their late activity, and, as the supply of four per cent. certificates is rapidly declining, it is anticipated that the market will soon revert to the control of the loan syndicate, with the result of higher prices for the fours. The money market has returned to its usual summer ease. Currency is flowing freely into the city banks, and the last weekly statement showed an increase of \$1,724,000 in the surplus over legal re-



serves. On demand loans the rate of interest ranges at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 per cent. Owing to the rapid gain in the imports with a concurrent decline in the exports, and also to the return of called bonds from Europe, the foreign exchanges wear a firm aspect, and rates have ranged so closely upon the point at which specie can be exported that \$850,000 of gold coin was exported during the week ending on the 14th inst. The information conveyed by the British Minister at Berlin, that the German Government has suspended its sales of silver, and probably permanently, has been the occasion of an active speculation in silver at London, under which the price advanced to  $52\frac{3}{4}d.$  per oz.; the rise, however, was not maintained, and the quotation fell back to  $52d.$ , apparently under a suspicion that strained inferences had been drawn from the official announcement. At the close of the week the value of the bullion contents of the 412 $\frac{1}{2}$ -grain silver dollar was 87.78 cents. The defeat of the Warner Silver Bill has not visibly affected the value of silver, while it has afforded marked satisfaction in financial circles, as at least the postponement of a serious threatened derangement of our currency system.

The blows which England is receiving in outdoor sports, it is safe to say, are likely to prove nearly as depressing as—to a portion of the public more depressing than—the financial and commercial difficulties of the day. Men who can hear of the decline of foreign trade and the sufferings of the landed interest with equanimity, have been plunged in gloomy foreboding by the American triumphs in shooting and horse-racing, and those of the Australians in cricketing. The final and easy defeat of Elliott, the champion sculler, by Hanlan, the Canadian, will come on these people with a great shock. One of the sporting papers says that these calamities are all due to excessive luxury, but how this drawback is to be got rid of it is hard to see. Nobody is willing to practise self-denial in the hope that some unknown man's stroke or wind, or somebody's horse's speed or bottom, may thereby be improved. English defeats in these things, like the loss of her foreign markets, are in reality signs of the levelling-up of the world. Peace and freedom gave her a century's start in nearly everything, but as these things have begun to come to other peoples, they begin to work and play as well as she.

The troubles in the French Assembly—in the last row two members came to fisticuffs, and Paul de Cassagnac was suspended for three days for insulting the Government—are due to the fact that the members of the Right, though they sit and vote, really do not acknowledge the right of the Republicans to be there and to carry on the Government. The fact that they were lawfully elected under the constitution and the laws with them goes for nothing. They deny that such bad men can acquire the right to govern by any process. In fact, this state of mind is not unlike that of our Stalwarts towards the Brigadiers. They will not even acknowledge the authority of the majority to regulate the proceedings of the Chamber. A vote of censure on a member for disorderly behavior entails a fine of a quarter of his month's pay. When this is inflicted on one of their number they subscribe the amount or purchase a present for him with it, in order to fortify him in his rowdiness and insubordination.

M. Emile Ollivier, the *enfant terrible* of the French Academy, who refuses to make Henri Martin's reception speech unless he is allowed to have his fling at M. Thiers, has written a long letter to the Academicians, which he published first in the newspapers, in which he instructs them in a very magisterial tone on the law and usage of reception oratory, and cites numerous precedents showing that criticism derogatory to defunct members had been permitted to those who had welcomed their successors. The whole letter is very characteristic in its want of perception, and the *Temps* points out to him in the cruellest way that there is no precedent for an attack before the Academy on the memory of a statesman who had freed France from an invading army and reorganized her government, by an orator who had plunged her without preparation or cause into a war which had brought her to the verge of ruin.

Prince Bismarck already begins to feel the inconvenience of his alliance with the Ultramontanes, who have begun calling for the reward of their support. When the Liberal President of the Reichstag resigned the other day, in consequence of his differences with the majority of the Chamber, the first vice-president elected was an Ultramontane: but the party refused to permit the election of a familiar of Prince Bismarck's, named Lucius, as the second vice-president, and the Prince had to submit. Their organ, the *Germania*, now says that Dr. Falk, the author of the ecclesiastical laws, must be got rid of, and that this would be the opening of a "beneficent reaction," and that the Chancellor must not flatter himself that the party will sell him its birthright for a mess of pottage. It seems, however, as if he would not surrender Falk to them, nor yet repeal the obnoxious laws; but some arrangement is believed to have been made by which they will not be executed at all, or not executed with rigor.

The Khedive has apparently been frightened, on calm consideration, by the prospect of French and English, and probably especially of French, displeasure, and has cancelled the grand plan by which, under native administration, he was to pay the bondholders in full. He now remits the whole matter of security and rate of interest on the consolidated debt to France and England. It is not likely that after this fresh display of weakness he will be long able to hold his throne.

The naval portion of the war between Chili and Peru apparently furnishes the same kind of instruction to professional men as all the others which have preceded it since ironclads came into fashion. In the Austro-Italian battle of Lissa the victory was won entirely by ramming, and the sole order of the Austrian Admiral Tegethoff was "to ram everything grey." All the ironclads which have come to grief in time of peace, too, have done so through the ramming of their consorts. The best work of our war even was ram work. In fact, so far as experience has yet gone, the tremendous artillery of the ironclads, on which such enormous sums have been expended, is of little value. It cannot keep an enemy off or sink him. In the late South American battle two Peruvian ironclads, the *Huascar* and *Independencia*, went in search of the Chilean fleet, and found it. The *Huascar* received three broadsides from the Chilean *Esmeralda* without damage, and then sent her to the bottom with a single ram. The *Independencia* went in pursuit of the *Covadonga* despatch-boat, which led her close in shore, and she speedily touched a rock—or, in other words, was rammed—and went to the bottom like a lump of lead, carrying her crew with her. This leaves Peru with no navy but the ram *Huascar*, which will probably be able to give a good account of her enemies as long as she does not use her guns, but rams boldly. In fact, the slightest touch of a ram seems to dispose of the largest ironclad afloat instantaneously. Worse news than all this could hardly reach the great naval powers of Europe, and especially England.

The Panama line having been decided on for the ship-canal across the Isthmus, the work seems likely to be taken in hand, mainly by French capitalists, who have been enchanted with the results of their venture on the Suez Canal, particularly as M. de Lesseps is to father the new project. He announced at a meeting of the International Literary Congress in Paris, the other day, that he had made a sort of experimental preliminary call for two million francs, in shares of five thousand each, and the whole had been subscribed in two days, without the publication of a single advertisement. The interest of the United States in this scheme is as great or greater than that of England in the Suez Canal, and England made the huge mistake of having nothing to do with the latter. We trust our Government will not be equally neglectful, and if the good faith of the enterprise had not been called in question by those who know how the decision as to a route was reached, investment in the shares would not be a bad thing, or a very bad use to make of the precious silver dollars now in the Treasury.

## THE IMPENDING TROUBLE OF THE SILVER PROPHETS.

IF silver shall go back again to 59 or 60, the point at which it would circulate at par with gold—as seems now not at all improbable—it will be very interesting to watch the effect on the various advocates of remonetization. It will be remembered that silver stood at this point when the double standard was abolished by the Act of 1873, and that at the time it was passed there was not, and had not been from 1862, any silver in circulation in this country even as small change. For this reason the legislation in question, though it was very carefully considered in Congress, excited no attention whatever out of doors; indeed it had little practical importance beyond giving a certain increase of stability to the standard of value. Nobody paid his debts, or made his contracts, or settled his accounts in silver, and for fourteen years nobody had even carried silver tokens in his pocket. It was consequently not surprising that, for two years after the Act passed, the public remained in complete ignorance of its existence. In 1875, however, silver began to fall in value and continued to do so steadily. As soon as this was perceived—but no sooner—there arose the agitation which resulted in the Silver Bill of 1878. It was then discovered, and proclaimed, that the demonetization in 1873 was brought about by a conspiracy of European bankers and money-lenders and bondholders, who sent an agent to this country named “Ernest Lloyd” to corrupt Congress and the press, and whose efforts were crowned with success. Their object was to enhance the value of their bonds and of all evidences of debt, and, in short, to enable them to create a “corner” in gold, to the great detriment of the American people.

Mr. Murat Halstead, the great Western apostle of the silver movement, wrote a letter in these columns on the 22d of December, 1877, in which he declared that “the money-changers,” when they brought about the demonetization of silver, “had knowledge” that it would depreciate, it being an axiom “that silver demonetized in the very country that produced it would decline in the metal market,” and that “they couldn’t help knowing it.” He evidently wrote in a state of great excitement (he was then producing, according to one of his local contemporaries, “sixteen silver articles a day”), and we were therefore able to point out to him two important facts which he had overlooked. One was, that the demonetization of silver in this country could hardly have caused the decline, even if silver had been in use here, because the decline did not begin to show itself for two years after the demonetization. The second was, that silver was not in circulation in this country when the demonetization occurred, even as small change, and had not been for eleven years, and that “the axiom” of the metal market which was running in his head was, not that silver would decline if demonetized by a country producing it, but that it would decline if thrown out of circulation by a country using it. The demonetization of a metal by a country not using it produces little more effect on the metal market than a declaration signed by a large body of teetotalers that they will drink no more champagne produces on the wine market. We also pointed out to him that the probable cause of the decline was the demonetization by Germany, which actually threw an immense quantity of silver coin on the market as bullion, and this happened to come at a time when there was a great increase in the production of the mines. That a man of Mr. Halstead’s perspicacity should not himself have perceived all this appeared very strange, but it was one of the not uncommon results of discussing or approaching financial questions in a state of great mental exaltation. It is now somewhat diverting to read in the Cincinnati *Commercial* that “the price of silver is advancing, and that there is reason to believe it will before long be placed close alongside gold at the American ratio”; and that “the advance in part is caused by the failure in the German supply.” “Hitherto,” it calmly says, “the Germans have been breaking the market, and now it seems they have no more to sell, and may even want to buy.” The editor also candidly acknowledges that “he has for some time been disappointed in the silver market,” and well he may be, considering that

he held in 1877 that it was the Act of 1873 which had caused the decline, and has found that our remonetization, far from stopping the fall, produced no effect on it whatever. Usually a prophet who has made such dreadful mistakes as these either hides himself in the bushes until the affair blows over, or else abandons prediction and goes into some other business. But one of the peculiarities of the Silver Prophet is, that the course of events never abashes him in the least; so Mr. Halstead actually calls on “the Congressmen and journalists of the northeastern shore of this continent to begin to study to accommodate themselves to the facts about the silver question, and learn to treat it as it is treated in other countries—as a question of history, law, and science.” To a student of manners this is one of the richest incidents in recent history, but we are not now studying manners.

What we wish to point out is the probability—which Mr. Halstead, to do him justice, himself appears to perceive in the article from which we have quoted—that the bulk of his supporters will probably desert him in case silver rises to 59 or 60. He belongs to the comparatively small body of silver fanatics who think untold good will result to the world from keeping the volume of the metallic currency large. The bulk of his supporters belong to the very large body of by no means fanatical persons who were made furious by the discovery in 1875 that the Act of 1873 had deprived them of the power of paying their debts with a depreciated and depreciating coin. Their interest in silver is due solely to the fact that it is much lower in value than gold. It is this motive which lies behind all the frantic efforts of the past two years to bring about unlimited coinage of silver. If now the old ratio between gold and silver should be restored by the withdrawal of Germany from the market, or by a great falling off in production, or by an increased demand for the Eastern trade, such as is likely to arise from the failure of the French and Italian silk crops, or by all these agencies combined, it is all but certain that we shall witness the sudden cessation of the silver movement—or, in other words, a return of the state of the public mind about silver which existed previous to 1875—that is, absolute indifference. There would then be little or no silver in circulation except as small change, because as long as there was nothing gained by handling anything so bulky nobody would use it, and if it rose above the legal ratio in gold it would be all exported.

The most that can be said about the rise at present is that it is not unlikely; that it would be for the moment a great blessing we need not say. But if it occurs it will be a most striking and effective illustration of the soundness of the opinion which has for years past been gaining strength, both as to the defectiveness of silver as a standard of value and of the uselessness of attempting to maintain a double standard. We wish we could hope that it would be an equally effective illustration of the danger and folly of blind fury about questions of finance. But we fear that, owing to the extraordinary faculty possessed by politicians of forgetting disagreeable things, and making others forget them, the most valuable lesson of the silver craze will yield no fruit. Those who have been most prominent in spreading the “conspiracy” story, and extolling silver as *par excellence* the poor man’s money, as distinguished from gold, the banker’s, usurer’s, and bondholder’s money, will a year or two hence laugh over this curious episode as heartily as they laugh over the activity of the French and Fenians in discovering “traitors” and “spies”; or else drop it from their recollection as successfully as Mr. W. D. Kelley dropped his own prominence in the very “fraud” in 1873 which he passed last year in furiously exposing and denouncing. These things do not increase one’s respect for human nature, but the recital of them at least often enlivens the winter evenings.

## INTERFERENCE OF THE CROWN IN BRITISH POLITICS.

THE last number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains an article from Mr. Henry Dunckley on the recent resolution of censure on the Ministry moved in the House of Commons by Mr. Dillwyn, touching the alleged interference of the Queen with Sir Bartle



Frere's doings in South Africa, and, indeed, touching the alleged growing disposition of the Crown to meddle in politics. Mr. Dillwyn's resolution would have failed, of course, in any case in the presence of the strong Tory majority, but it was covered with discredit through the refusal of the leading Liberals, including Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington, to have anything to do with it. It had in their eyes the fatal defect that it was capable of being construed as a reflection on the Queen. In fact, the discovery that it was open to this construction seems to have overwhelmed even Mr. Dillwyn himself with confusion. Mr. Dunckley, the Manchester journalist, whose remarkable pamphlet a year ago first called attention to what he considered the undue growth of the royal power under Lord Beaconsfield's instigation, now comes out with a defence of Mr. Dillwyn, which this gentleman had not the courage to make for himself in the House of Commons, and which no one else ventured to make for him, viz.: that even if the motion did touch the Queen personally it was proper that it should do so, because the nature of the evil is such that it cannot be cured without a certain kind of criticism of the sovereign herself, in spite of the maxim that "the king can do no wrong." Mr. Dunckley, too, heaps much ridicule on the delicacy displayed by the Liberal leaders in approaching the subject.

The cause of offence is that Sir Bartle Frere, a man of head-strong temper, and, as appears from his own despatches, of very advanced Jingo views regarding the destiny of England in South Africa, entered into recklessly, if he did not purposely set on foot, a war with Cetewayo, the king of the Zulus, without the knowledge or consent of the home Government. For this he was sternly rebuked in despatches from the Colonial Office, and directed to let annexation alone. But at the same time that he was receiving this unpleasant missive from his chief, Lady Frere was receiving a private letter from the Queen, expressing deep sympathy with "her noble-minded husband" in his difficulties. The effect of this letter was, it is alleged with much plausibility, to counteract in Sir Bartle's mind and that of his adherents the effect of the official despatches, and, indeed, to form a party among the Colonists to back up Sir Bartle and the Queen against the Ministry. Other incidents of a similar character, such as the receipt by the Queen of long and expensive private despatches from Lord Lytton, giving an account of the movement of the troops in Afghanistan, have been adduced in justification of the alarm which the extreme Radicals feel or affect to feel over the encroachments of the Crown.

There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Dunckley's letter would probably never have been written, and the discussion over the bounds of the royal prerogative never have arisen, if it had not been for the publication of the memoirs of the Prince Consort by Mr. Theodore Martin. The extraordinary frankness of these volumes, the fulness and freedom with which the life of the royal family and their motives of action in small as well as in great things are laid before the public, make them a complete novelty in literature, and probably the most attractive morsel which could have been offered to English society in its present condition.

The portion which has attracted most attention is the picture of the part played by the Prince in English politics. He brought over with him on his marriage an elderly German physician, Baron Stockmar, who had long been the friend and domestic adviser of the Coburg family, and was expected to be a useful guide for the Prince in his new and in many ways trying position in English society. Stockmar had a full supply of views on the English Constitution, which he dealt out in the most solemn fashion day by day to the young couple, and which the Prince, with true German thoroughness and conscientiousness, forthwith began to reproduce in ponderous "memoranda" on all the leading questions of the day, addressed to the ministers for the time being, and the composition of which the Queen watched with delighted interest. Under this process the Stockmar theory that the Crown had been deprived of its due prominence in affairs gained ground steadily, and before the Prince's death he had come to regard himself and the Queen, as his correspondence shows, as in a certain sense the Government of the

country, and the Cabinet as a span of dull but necessary oxen, whom he had to goad into action and rouse to a sense of their duty. The most unpleasant passage in the memoirs is the account of the friendship which the royal couple contracted for Louis Napoleon immediately after the *coup d'état*; and probably few readers have noticed without something like pain the absence from the letters and journals and "memoranda" of the slightest expression of regret over that monstrous crime, or repugnance for its author.

The main importance of this episode, however, lies in the light it throws on the extraordinary favor which Lord Beaconsfield has enjoyed at court ever since he first took office. He is a man of essentially the same type as Louis Napoleon, and indeed began life in much the same way. He is flashy, unscrupulous, adroit, with a deep-seated contempt for parliamentary government and a passionate love of theatrical effects, and with a profound veneration for power in its coarsest forms and deep admiration for its trappings. His gross flattery, his gaudy rhetoric, with which he appears to have begun to ply the Queen from the very outset in his private accounts of the parliamentary debates, and his eager acceptance of the Stockmar view of the position of the Crown, have combined to give him a position at court such as no minister in this century has held, or, we may perhaps add, would have consented to hold. That he has been using his influence to embody in practice the fantastic views of government propounded by Disraeli the younger in his novels, Mr. Dunckley and those who agree with him have little difficulty in showing. That the Queen has been led by his counsels, and probably by his flatteries, into a certain amount of indiscretion in her correspondence with high officers, is perhaps also true. But for the difficulty which the Radicals experience in applying a remedy neither Lord Beaconsfield nor his Cabinet is to blame, but the present constitution of English society. The reason why the Liberal side of the House of Commons shrinks from even the appearance of censuring any practice in which the Queen has personally taken part, is social rather than political. There is not much left in England of the kind of loyalty which made the great Chatham kneel at the king's bedside when transacting state business with him, but another kind has sprung up which is perhaps a stronger force, and is much more widely diffused. We mean the reverence for the Court as the head of "society," and the power by which "social position" can be given or taken away. No matter in what calling a man is working in England to-day, the thing he seeks most earnestly as the crown of his labors is recognition in the Court circle for himself and his family, and the Court circle is now so large that loss of good standing in it has come to have the air of a terrible penalty, from which everybody shrinks. When the Prince of Wales mentioned Miss Thompson's picture at a public dinner he gave her fame and fortune, although every one in the room knew that his judgment of pictures was not valuable. In like manner an expression of his displeasure or dislike, and *a fortiori* of the Queen's, directed against man or woman would be a blow that hardly any one has the courage to face, so much loss or inconvenience and mortification may it involve. Even statesmen of the highest rank flinch from it, and the resistance to the interference of the Crown is left to those who are prepared to confess that they do not pretend to have achieved what the English would consider the highest success in life.

In fact, it is no great exaggeration to say that there is, since the wide diffusion of the suffrage, a perceptible leaning in favor of personal government among the wealthy and well-to-do classes—that is, the classes who have made money and want to enjoy it in an easy, elegant, and secure way. Political life grows more and more difficult for them under the parliamentary system, and, to put the matter somewhat roughly but concisely, they rather like to be ruled by somebody who gives good dinners, balls, and decorations. In England, the Disraeli view of limited monarchy is greatly aided by the unquestioned purity of the Queen's character, and by the length of her reign. She is an older politician than any man now prominent in public life except Lord Beaconsfield himself, and has known the ins and outs of every great

question which has agitated Europe for over forty years. Hardly any man who has made any mark in England, and is still on the stage, can recall the time when she was not on the throne, and when the loyalty of the country was trying to resist the influence of the lives of her uncles. The mere lapse of years has, therefore, given her an authority with which her natural powers have had nothing to do, and the frank way in which she has laid the story of her life before the world has deeply touched the popular imagination, for it puts in striking form the old truth that the palace is no better defence than the cabin against death and sorrow. A clever charlatan, with a theory to work out and personal ends to serve, could in fact hardly have found a more effective instrument than a sovereign like Queen Victoria, whom he had induced to believe in him.

#### THE DIDOT SALE.

PARIS, May 30, 1879.

THE sale of the great library of M. Firmin Didot is continuing this year, the family of M. Didot having wisely distributed it over several years. Though the passion for fine books and bindings has never been as intense as it is now, the floating capital which can be invested in books is limited after all, and it is not safe to throw too many books on the market at the same time.

M. Firmin Didot was somewhat of a glutton as a bibliophile. I have carefully examined this second series of manuscripts and prints which is selling this week at the Hôtel des Ventes, and I came to the conclusion that time was a necessary element even in the creation of a library. Surely there are wonderfully fine things in the collection which is now being dispersed. What library would not be adorned by a book like the 'Heures d'Anne d'Autriche,' which was sold yesterday afternoon at the price of \$5,800? Who would not like to possess the pretty little manuscript called the 'Prières de Bussy-Rabutin'? I remembered the verses of Boileau about "les saints qu'a célébrés Bussy" when I turned the vellum pages on which Bussy had painted beautiful miniatures of Anne of Austria, of the Duke of Buckingham (as Saint Stephen), of Condé, of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, of Louis XIII., etc. The text of this profane prayer-book was only written on four pages; the others are still white; and on the four pages I mention the text has been scratched. Bussy was an admirable soldier, but his profanity and his verses on Louis XIV. in the 'Histoire amoureuse des Gaules' condemned him to perpetual exile in his château in Burgundy.

To return to the collection of M. Didot: it is impossible to praise too highly the manuscript of Charles VI., which will be sold in two days. This magnificent "missal" was executed for Charles, the King of France, and belonged afterwards to Henry V. of England, to Henry VI., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. It is a very fine specimen of our school of Touraine. After the Reformation it was sent to Antwerp and sold to the Abbey of Tongerlo, in Belgium, with a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," executed for Henry VIII. The missal remained in this abbey till 1869; at that date it was sold by the monks, who were anxious to make a present of money to the Pope, and M. Didot was the happy purchaser of it.

Among the books and manuscripts of the Didot collection there are, however, many which a very fastidious bibliophile would not much approve of. M. Didot committed often the great mistake of repairing old books. Such repairs are always very dangerous; it is better to have an historical binding, with the wounds and injuries of time, than to see it repaired by an ignorant and coarse hand. We only trust in Paris a valuable old book for such repairs to one man, who has made a specialty of it, as he is attached to the Bibliothèque Nationale, with the special function of repairing its books. In his spare hours the excellent L— makes a few repairs for a few bibliophiles, but he works discreetly—never attempts to conceal too much, never alters the character of a work. M. Didot has unfortunately employed a very able book-doctor, if I may use the word, who lived chiefly in England at one time, where he worked much for M. Libri and for some eminent bibliophiles. This French artist, for he is a real artist, has not the conscience of our good book-doctor of the Bibliothèque Nationale; he can even be said to be full of imagination; he likes to change lead into gold, to turn an ordinary book into an historical book by the addition of arms, devices, monograms, etc. Such transformation cannot be too severely condemned. M. Didot did not care enough about the quality of modern bindings; when he had as

good a book as the original edition of the 'Characters' of La Bruyère he ought not to have had his copy bound by anybody but a first-rate binder. The chief service which M. Didot has rendered to the world of bibliophilism has been his incessant and almost ravenous collection of what we call the 'Livres à figures,' illustrated books. He found out early that engraving, even in the more modest form which it assumes in books, is really a form of art, and may become one of its highest forms in the hands of great artists. M. Didot applied himself particularly to the study of the French engravers.

M. Duplessis, son of the *conservateur* of our great National Library, who is at the head of the Department of Engravings, will soon publish through Hachette a large work on 'Engravers and Engraving.' Few men are as competent to treat this subject. He has added to the second volume of M. Ambroise Firmin Didot's Catalogue a short notice on the engravings in books, or what we should call now the *illustrations*. In some of the oldest manuscripts are found attempts at real engraving; the National Library has a manuscript which has been traced to the period which followed the year 1406, and in which are two engravings surrounded with writing; there are several engravings made by Israel van Meckenem, and painted by hand, in another manuscript of our Library, a book of 'Horæ' on vellum, made in 1466 for Jean le Bon, Count of Angoulême. It is well known that in the works which go under the name of *xylography* the text is engraved on wood as well as the figures. Many books have been written on the first xylographic works. The collection of M. Firmin Didot possessed a few of these rare works. The most important is an 'Ars Moriendi,' the only copy known of an edition which is not quite similar to the first edition of this book by Heineken. There is no complete copy existing of this first edition; there are some parts wanting in the copy of Munich, in the copy of Memmingen, in the copy of our National Library. The edition of M. Didot was probably made in the Netherlands; the costumes are those of the low countries, and some good judges attribute the drawings to Laurens Coster.

These first books, or embryos of books, called xylographs, so humble, so poor when you compare them with the magnificent manuscripts adorned with golden letters and miniatures, are nevertheless of the greatest interest. They represent the first efforts made for the popularization of ideas; the manuscripts could only belong to the "happy few," the xylographs were intended for the people. M. Didot had, besides his 'Ars Moriendi,' two copies of the 'Historia Sancti Johannis Evangelistæ, ejusque visiones apocalypticæ' of the first and of the second edition; he had the only known Italian xylographic work, 'Opera nova contemplativa,' an imitation of the so-called Bible of the Poor. The engravings are by Giovanni Andrea Vavassore, called Vadagnino; one of them is a faithful copy of an engraving of Albert Dürer's published in 1509. It is well known that Dürer applied his great genius to the illustration of books. His 'Life of the Virgin,' his 'Great Passion' and his 'Little Passion,' his 'Apocalypse' are works of art of the highest importance. Dürer shines like a star of the first magnitude among much smaller stars; still the names of Hans Burgkmair, of Jobst Amman, and a few others are still remembered, and the books which they adorned are much prized, especially in Germany. Bibliophiles are very great admirers of the books illustrated by Hans Holbein; his "Simulachres de la Mort" and "Icones Historiarum Veteris Testamenti" are, so to speak, necessary in any good library. The "Simulachres" appeared first without any text, and these first impressions are of the greatest rarity.

In Italy the printers of the fifteenth and of the sixteenth century did not fail to employ the numerous artists of the time for the ornamentation of the books which they published. Engraving on metal was first introduced by Nicolò di Lorenzo in the 'Monte Santo di Dio' of Antonio Bettini of Siena. In 1481 there appeared an edition of Dante's 'Divina Commedia' with some engravings by Baldini, made probably after the drawings of the admirable Botticelli, one of the most original masters of the time (see the Museum of Florence and the National Gallery of London). This charming Florentine art, which has no better representative than Botticelli, has left numberless traces in books; title-pages, ornamental letters, small cuts betray constantly the genius of the creative period of the early school of Florence. The greatest artists did not disdain to draw models for the printers; the prayer-books of the time, the printed sermons, the ponderous works on theology, on liturgy, everything, in short, bears the mark of the power and genius of this incomparable period. Firmin Didot wisely collected all the specimens he could find of this charming Italian art. The common bibliophiles generally are contented with the most famous specimens; the best known is perhaps the 'Songe de Poliphile.' M. Duplessis places on the same line with this famous



work the 'Metamorphoses' of Ovid by Buonsignore (Venice, 1497); the Plays of Terence, printed in 1499 by Lorenzo de Sordani; the Histories of Herodotus, translated into Latin by Laurentius Valla (Venice, 1494); the edition of the 'Decamerone' of Boccaccio published in Venice in 1492; the 'Fasciculus Medicinæ.' Venice had no especial privilege, though it turned out more books than any other city at first. Rome, Milan, Ferrara soon competed with Venice; in Florence the sermons of Savonarola were illustrated by great artists. Bernardino Luini, the divine Luini, the pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, illustrated a 'Life of Saint Veronica' (1518). How many others could we not name!

In the Netherlands we find Rembrandt and Rubens among the illustrators of books. Rembrandt made an etching for the tragedy of his friend the Burgomaster Six, 'Medea'; he made six etchings (the rarest of his work) for a book published in 1655 in Amsterdam by his friend the Jew Menasseh ben Israel. We could name hundreds of smaller, of very humble names among the illustrators of books in the Netherlands. In my opinion there is very little merit in most of these books. I consider them greatly inferior to the works of the Italian schools. In England and in Spain the art of engraving was not so constantly applied to the ornamentation of books; but the taste for illustrations in books having once become popular in England, has never since ceased to be so; and a school was founded in England which can boast of many famous names, Hogarth, Bewick, Stothard, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, etc.

#### THE VIVISECTION QUESTION IN GERMANY.

BERLIN, May 25, 1879.

THE development of physiology during the last quarter of a century in Germany has been by general acknowledgment unprecedented in the history of science. Instead of being united with anatomy in one professorship in the universities it is now often argued that it is too wide a field for a single specialist. In determining the curriculum of the large new Institute in Berlin, "the palace of the queen of natural science," according to the director, it was debated whether a year's course of lectures of five hours a week on general physiology must not be superficial, and whether the work should not be divided, as Pflüger and others have suggested, among its several constituent departments. A physiologist, it was said, must be by turns physicist, chemist, mathematician, toxicologist, microscopist, and now, by general consent, even philologist, like Brücke, and philosopher, like Wundt. The younger men who now overcrowd the market, and occasion the liveliest competition, devote themselves mainly to some one of its sub-specialties. The Berlin Institute is the largest of some half a dozen well-equipped and independent establishments of the kind which have been built in Germany during the last ten or fifteen years. Besides several auditoriums with every convenience for experimentation, and for bringing microscopic and other preparations under the eye of each student, it contains large and fully furnished laboratories for physical and chemical work and for vivisection, intricate webs of electrical wires connected with constant batteries in the cellar, a magneto-electric machine of several horse-power worked by steam, and extensive basement apartments for frogs, rabbits, dogs, guinea pigs, pigeons, etc., all cared for by nearly a score of servants, famuli, and assistants, and all directly under the care and inspection of the Government, with fully detailed records of all original work published in the various physiological archives. The pre-eminence of German science is nowhere more supreme than here.

These are the men and institutions against which the anti-vivisection movement is directed. The question is comparatively recent here, and has very different features from the agitation in England, as a result of which vivisection is there allowed only to a very few eminent men by Government license and under severe restrictions and liabilities. An illustrated brochure of nearly eighty pages, entitled the 'Torture Chamber of Science,' was published about the beginning of the present year, which has had an immense sale, already been translated into five foreign languages, and reached a sixth stereotyped edition. It is written with striking journalistic art by a young nobleman, who is one of the directors of the Dresden Anti-cruelty Society. Public sentiment has been so aroused by the discussion thus evoked that eminent physiologists like Ludwig have been threatened on the street, and one of his more timid friends expressed to the writer his fear that the trouble might become as serious as in the case of Prof. Schiff, who was lately obliged to remove from Florence by a league of workmen who threatened his life. The author has turned many hundred pages of archives, and describes the roasting of live rabbits, the effects of curara, the throwing of dogs with

extirpated brains into water-vats, etc. He conjectures how many animals different physiologists have sacrificed, charging one by name with having tortured to death fourteen thousand dogs, gives a long list of contradictory or doubtful results reached by different experimenters, describes and illustrates affecting scenes where animals have pleaded for life, and students have turned away sickened not only from the vivisection but from the study of medicine, and concludes that the evil he describes is one of the greatest moral stains upon modern civilization, making physicians unsympathetic and often careless and hard-hearted. Physiology, it is said, can scarcely be called a science as yet, and the contributions of vivisectionists to the understanding and amelioration of human suffering have been almost nothing. It is as if one sought to learn the secret of Raphael's art by cutting up his canvasses. Science, it is said, will be brought into popular disfavor, and ladies are exhorted to give up the patronage and acquaintance of all physicians who operate on live animals, and to become themselves members of anti-cruelty societies, now too often controlled and even presided over by "hypocritical vivisectionists."

There is no doubt that, after making all allowance for the extravagance and sentimentality, and even the ignorance of many errors in the statement of fact, in such arguments as the above, there is sometimes unnecessary cruelty. It is largely a matter of individual character whether a physiologist carefully informs himself beforehand of all the results of previous experiments and of the anatomical situation, and specifies sharply in his own mind the question he wishes to determine, and the method of the least possible suffering by the use of anesthetics when possible. Restrictions by competent authorities also cannot possibly be too great or numerous. But to one who is acquainted in laboratories and with their directors, the general charge of inhumanity is simply absurd. There are now very much fewer private experiments or experimenters than formerly. Nearly all studies are made by specialists and in institutes, with the greatest publicity, and thus contribute their moiety to general progress. In order best to observe, one must be collected and rapid, and for the moment unsympathetic; but every investigator knows that pain is always a disturbing element, and must be reduced to its minimum. Moreover, a clumsy or cruel experimenter is condemned nowhere more severely than by his own co-laborers. For ourselves, we cannot but regard the anti-vivisection feeling here as born of the same sentimentality of ideal over-refinement, wealth, or idleness which prompts the Brahmin to sweep his path before him lest he tread unconsciously on a worm, or a well-known Berlin clergyman to eat the flesh of only *large* animals, that he may share with many others the accountability for the taking of life; and which in this matter makes common cause with social democracy if the latter, as we suggest, may be defined as the consensus of the incompetent upon properly professional questions.

How much animals suffer when compared with men in the same conditions admits as yet of no psycho-physic formulation, and perhaps never will, but all indications drawn from the structure of their brain are that it is far less. Nearly all that is known of mitigating their pains and of curing their diseases is due to physiology. Their most inexcusable tortures are for man's amusement—the chase, pigeon-shooting, etc.—but how much more reprehensible these are than the excessive care lavished on lap-dogs, favorite race-horses, etc., we leave for moralists to determine, and content ourselves here with enumerating a few of the most general results which the practice in question has already contributed to the cure and prevention of disease. In certain cases of cramp, attended by dilation of the pupils, vivisection alone has been able to teach that the trouble is in the cervical sympathetic nerve, and designated both the nature and place of the application of the remedy. Since Bernard found the cerebral point, the puncture of which caused diabetes, a long series of experiments on living animals have led to a new and far more successful treatment of this disease. The methods and conditions of the transfusion of blood, of the removal of diseased kidneys and ovaries, of artificial nourishment by stomach fistula, sub-periosteal resection, the application of the artificial larynx, have all been learned by experiments on animals. The possibility of such operations could never have been first proved on human subjects. According to official statistics over twelve thousand men die annually in India from the bite of poisonous serpents. Professor Burdon-Sanderson conceived the idea of seeking an antidote by experiments on animals. Perhaps nothing could be more painful, and the discovery is not yet complete, but there is increasing reason to expect that it will soon be. After trichinae were observed, and official microscopic examination of pork introduced, it became essential to know in what part or parts of the body the parasite was to be sought for, and

it was found that hams, carefully examined, were often still infected. By experiments on living animals the development-history of the worm is now so thoroughly known that a single examiner, by the inspection of a part of the diaphragm, can tell at once and with certainty whether or not meat is marketable. Such are but a few of the immediately practicable ways in which animals have been offered to save human lives.\*

It cannot be denied that there are very many details respecting the functions of the brain, the stimulation of circulatory centres, various secretions, reflexes, etc., in which eminent authorities disagree, and which can be decided only by experiments on living animals, but the incontestable fact remains that whenever physiology is thoroughly cultivated it has almost re-created the study and practice of medicine. Helmholtz, who has never published investigations requiring vivisection, and who may be called an impartial and competent judge, in speaking of the wonderful technique which its methods have developed, adds that the practice has made accessible to scientific observation a great number of most profound problems which a few decades ago seemed quite hopeless. Following the example of Claude Bernard, French professors often try to combine original observations with demonstration in the class-room, while in Germany it is held that a few fundamental experiments on living animals are indispensable for "heuristic" purposes alone. Every medical student has a struggle with his instinctive feelings in making acquaintance first of dissecting-rooms and museums of morbid anatomy, then of hospitals, and especially of surgical clinics; but every one knows these feelings must be repressed, or he will never have the steady hand and eye which give poise and self-control in a critical emergency. The half-unconscious knowledge of this is no doubt at the bottom of much of the demonstrative and offensive, but often utterly insincere, affectation of hardheartedness by young medical students. It is not only as necessary but, we think, as natural for a good physician to grow more rationally sympathetic as for a moralist to cultivate conscientiousness. Vivisection is cruel, but disease, man's greatest enemy, is more so; and if we were to retort in Herr von Weber's style of argument, we might ask him if he would refuse to torture a favorite dog for even a forlorn hope of saving the life of a member of his family? We shoot noxious animals, slaughter calves and appropriate the mother's milk, etc., with the conviction that it is our duty to make way for the higher organization. For the same reason the physiologist has not completed his task when he has told us how animals grow; he must also describe the important changes which take place between injury or the death of the brain and the beginning and progress of decomposition. No science has such problems and possibilities before it, and we consider the controversy we have attempted to epitomize as one of the most important of the many battles which science has waged with sentiment.

## Notes.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS announce for early publication the 'Life and Letters of Madame Jerome Bonaparte,' edited by Eugene L. Didier.—We learn that Dr. Emil Bessel's 'Nordamerikanische Nordpolfahrt' (Leipzig: Engelmann; 1879), whose success has been most gratifying—the whole edition of 5,000 copies having been taken up in a week—will be re-written in English by the author for this market.—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. issue immediately the 'Life of Prof. Albert Hopkins,' prepared from his journal, letters, and published articles.—'Bi-metallism,' by Hugh McCulloch, will form No. 17 of G. P. Putnam's Sons' 'Economic Monographs.'—Mr. Frank L. Pope's article on the 'Life and Work of Joseph Henry,' with special reference to his electrical discoveries, has been reprinted from the *Journal* of the American Electrical Society in pamphlet form (New York: D. Van Nostrand).—The latest (No. 8) of the series of 'Personal Narratives of the Battles of the Rebellion,' published in Providence by S. S. Rider, is Dr. Wm. F. Hutchinson's account of the battle of Mobile Bay, the writer's post of observation being the deck of the *Lackawanna*. This paper was read before the Soldiers and Sailors' Historical Society of Rhode Island more than two years ago, and therefore before the appearance of Commodore Parker's compiled account, which we reviewed last fall. As showing what discrepancies occur in contemporary histories, we may mention the omission by Dr. Hutchinson of all reference to the *Lackawanna's* ramming the *Hartford* by mistake instead of the *Tennessee*. A heliotype interior view of Fort Morgan, and a diagram of the battle, accompany the text.—In the June number of the *American Naturalist* Mr. Richard Rathbun gives a very clear and

highly interesting account of the late Prof. Hartt's determination of the origin of the Brazilian sandstone reefs. The *recife* of Pernambuco is naturally selected for detailed description.—The first number of vol. ii. of the New London *Boat Race Bulletin* has appeared in anticipation of the coming contest between Yale and Harvard on the 27th instant. This paper, gratuitously distributed, was a very effective auxiliary in the excellent management of the race last year. It contains a map of the entire course, and much other desirable information.—A useful work, called a 'Glossary of Terms and Phrases,' and intended (we quote the *Academy*) to include technical, historical, geographical, proverbial, and allusive words and phrases occurring with more or less frequency in general English literature, is announced to be published by C. Kegan Paul & Co.—It is proposed to publish immediately in five octavo volumes a complete collection of the fanciful extravaganzas of the venerable but still vivacious J. R. Planché. There are forty-four of these little plays, of which the first was originally brought out in 1828 and the latest in 1871. They are to be illustrated with portraits of the author and of the principal actors whose skill contributed to their success, including, of course, those of Madame Vestris and the late Charles J. Mathews. Mr. Planché has undertaken to revise for the press and contribute prefatory and marginal notes giving much curious information of the original actors and managers. This side-view of the history of the past sixty years of the London stage is of much interest. The entire profits go to the author. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Samuel French, publisher, 89 Strand, London, or Union Square and Fourteenth Street, New York.—Edmond Scherer, long connected with the Paris *Temps* in a literary capacity, has left that journal for the *National* on account of political differences.—A new book by Count Moltke, 'Letters from Spain,' is announced.—B. Westermann & Co. send us the prospectus of a new German monthly to appear in 1880, viz., the *Literaturblatt für germanische und romanische Philologie*, conducted by Drs. Otto Behagel and Fritz Neumann, with whom Dr. Karl Bartsch will be associated. It will not be addicted to any school or tendency.—The Russians, as might have been expected, have made a profitable use of their sojourn in Bulgaria and Rumelia, and by geodetic and astronomic observations have laid the basis for really reliable cartography of this part of Turkey. The results, according to *Globus*, are expected to be published next year.

—At the instance of the Harvard Club of this city, a considerable number of the alumni lately put forward Dr. H. W. Bellows as their first nominee for a place on the Harvard Board of Overseers. Their candidate was, however, thrown out of the count on the ground of his ineligibility as a non-resident of Massachusetts; but inasmuch as the alumni are not bound at the approaching election on Commencement Day to vote only for the Nominating Committee's list of declared favorites, the Club has just issued an address urging that the vote for Dr. Bellows be renewed at the polls. They also reargue at great length the legal question of eligibility, and show with much force and justice that remote parts of the country are, thanks to railroads and telegraphs, practically as near the college as Western Massachusetts is, so that non-resident Overseers might easily attend the meetings, and would do so at short summons in case of emergency. They might have added that probably only those whose disposition and ability to attend were notorious would be selected. The weak point of the address and of those which preceded it is the failure to demonstrate the evils of the present exclusive system, whether it be legal or illegal, or the gain to accrue from the extension of eligibility to non-residents. Is it really a misfortune that the great majority of the Overseers reside in Boston and its suburbs? Does it tend to keep the college management old-fogyish, or on the other hand expose it too unrestrainedly to that radical spirit of innovation which we associate with the modern Athens? Does it diminish the claims of the college on the munificence of non-resident alumni? Does it make them indisposed to send their sons to their Alma Mater? If not, where is the grievance? We, for our part, see no objection to the liberty demanded by the Harvard Club, but we think we do see decided advantage in maintaining the active interest and participation of Bostonians (in the largest sense) in the college at their doors. They furnish, and always will, the most compact and influential contingent to every college class, and on them the college has relied, and always will, for steady pecuniary support, extraordinary contributions, and the most valuable legacies and endowments. This condition of things may be susceptible of improvement, but it does not seem to us alarming.

—The tenth annual report of the Massachusetts Board of Health commends itself, like its predecessors, to every intelligent person who has any

\* See 'Die Vivisection im Dienste der Heilkunde. Von Prof. R. Heidenhain.'



regard for his own or the public health. The papers on "Coal-Gas from Heating-Apparatus," "Common Defects in House-Drains," and "Ventilation"—the last highly to be praised for its scientific quality—should interest and will instruct every householder or housebuilder; the last two are copiously illustrated. Professor Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst, describes the system of physical education at that college, and shows the attendance on gymnastic exercises to be to that at college-prayers as 95.36 to 84.50 per cent. Dr. Henry P. Bowditch returns to the important subject of the growth of children, as observed in the public schools of Boston; and recalling the fact deduced from his discussion in the eighth report, that "children of American parentage are taller and heavier than children of the same age of Irish parentage," narrates the result of an attempt to discover whether easier circumstances or race should be considered the more important factor. To this end the statistics were tabulated for each nationality according to the occupation of the parents. From this it appears that "in general the children of the professional and mercantile classes are larger than those of the laboring classes," especially in the case of Americans; but generally also this difference is not so great as that between American and Irish children of the same social class. So far the stock seems of more importance than the mode of life, but Dr. Bowditch gives reasons for thinking that in the Boston community the latter factor "is at least equal to, and possibly even greater than, that of race." The general report of the Board marks continued progress in sanitary regulation with a proportionate effect upon the death-rate of Massachusetts. The abolition of the office of coroner and of coroners' juries has fully justified its advocates, and the new method of trained "medical examiners" in connection with the courts is estimated to cost the State one-third less than the old system.

—*Art-Interchange*, the journal published by or in the interest of the Decorative Art Society, offers \$140 in prizes for three designs or sets of designs. There is a first and second prize for a design for a "portière," presumably to be embroidered, though that is not stated; a first and second prize for designs "for a set of twelve tiles or six dinner-plates"; and, finally, a first and second prize for designs for a "set of twelve dinner cards." The names of the judges have not yet reached us. A recent number of *Art-Interchange* contains the other necessary information, and all this can be had by addressing the editor of the paper, 140 Nassau Street. Every such attempt is worthy of all encouragement, provided there is a premium offered for simplicity and directness, for designs in harmony with the purposes of the object to be decorated and with the material it is composed of, for ornamental effect rather than for a display of skill in drawing from nature. But as to this particular contest it seems an awkward arrangement which allows competitors to send in at their pleasure either the completed *portière*, plates, cards, or tiles, or merely drawings. The case is nearly this: there will come in an hundred designs which are really very bad, for one or two tolerable ones; the one or two tolerable ones will differ from one another broadly and decidedly, one having more apparent originality of conception, another a more purely decorative feeling, another less originality and less decorative effect but much greater excellence in drawing the figure. Now, the difficulty which the judges will have in awarding the prizes here—a difficulty which will be greatly increased if, as is probable, no one design seems to them at all admirable or unusually good—will also be increased by the necessity of comparing a set of drawings on paper with a set of finished paintings on pottery. Probably it will be still worse in the embroidered *portière*, if it is to be embroidered. To compare finished work with the needle with a drawing on paper, however carefully made, will be very difficult. The editor of *Art-Interchange* expects that well-known artists will enter the lists, and compete for these prizes. If they should do so, if (to name a very few) Mr. La Farge, Mr. Colman, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Lathrop from among the painters, with a similar number from among the younger architects of European training, were actually to strive for these prizes, our inferences and assumptions as briefly worded above will not be altogether verified; but there is small chance of that. Where there are only two prizes for the whole number of competitors they must be great prizes indeed to induce men who have any profitable work on hand to compete for them. If a manufacturer should order a dozen tiles of one of the artists named above he would expect to pay twenty dollars apiece for them, let us say. Now, it is true that the premiated designs of this contest may remain the property of their makers, for all that appears in the published "Rules," but then their profitable use is not certain. No, all the designs submitted will be the work of people having plenty of leisure, who, except in rare cases, are not the ablest people.

—The prize print of *L'Art* this year is an etching by M. Lalauze of Makart's famous painting of Charles V.'s triumphal entry into Antwerp. This is the picture which was so especially a matter of general admiration at the Paris Exhibition of last summer; all across the Austrian art-gallery it stood, thirty feet by eighteen, or thereabout, with a half-dozen chairs secured to the floor along the line of supposed best points of sight. This also is the picture to which Mr. Comstock objects, as agent for some society for the encouragement of good morals. It was a colored photograph of it that he ordered taken out of a Fulton Street window. As for the picture, it has its merits, although we are of those who prefer to it the Catharine Cornaro by the same artist, which was at Philadelphia, and although there are assuredly as many disagreeable and doubtful tendencies as there are good points in the work of this so-called modern Paul Veronese. As for the etching, it is not a masterpiece. Mr. Lalauze's work has never seemed to us of the first rank. It is rather matter of surprise that Mr. Hamerton finds room for so extended a mention of his pretty little pictures for children, and this large work, with its somewhat harsh black and white contrasts and not very perfect disposition, is not more than fairly good either as a piece of engraving or as a reproduction of the painting. A right good *uncolored* photograph would probably be a better thing, both as a picture and as a record.

—The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* is, as we said last week, definitely received into the slowly enlarging circle of European journals with American agencies. The five numbers for the months of the present year up to May are at hand; they have no announcement of Mr. Bouton's store as the New York publication office, but we may look for that hereafter; meantime, the way to complete this adoption of the stranger as a compatriot is to fill up the subscription-lists. The *Gazette*, all allowances made, is the first of art journals, and it is time that it should be at home in America elsewhere than in a few clubs and public reading-rooms. Beginning in 1859, the first two or three years made four volumes apiece, so that when, in 1868, an end was put to the "first series" there were not twenty but twenty-five volumes to bind. There are two index volumes accompanying this first series. The second series, which is still current, was marred by the war of 1870-71. We are now on the eleventh year of it, but instead of twenty stout octavos there are only eighteen as yet, this year bringing with it the nineteenth and twentieth volumes. There is an eight-page sheet called *La Chronique des Arts et de la Curiosité* coming this year regularly every Saturday, though it has not always been published so frequently. This gives the news of the day in matters of art—discoveries, publications, important sales, and gossip of many kinds—and is given to subscribers of the *Gazette*. One thing must not be forgotten: the size of these books. The *Gazette* and the *Chronique* each measure seven and a half by eleven inches, or a half-inch wider and an inch higher than *Scribner's Monthly*. This moderate size makes them possible to handle, whether as unbound numbers, without the certainty that their weight and size will tear them to pieces, or as bound volumes, without the immediate need of a table to support them. Nor does the reader of the current numbers, nor he who consults the encyclopædic set of accumulated volumes, find anything to regret in the small size. The page is big enough for sufficient illustrations. Larger ones than these pages allow are not needed to "illustrate" any paper, or to convey any requisite idea. The supposed need of much larger pictures is rather that the public who won't take an art journal to read and bind may at all events subscribe in order to get a number of prints "fit for the portfolio or for framing" pretty cheap. It is a pity that the newly-announced *Boston Art Review* should have adopted so large a page—as big as our own, if we are not mistaken.

—While the Théâtre-Français is undergoing needed repairs—which we hope will include an improvement in its ventilation—the entire Comédie-Française has gone to London, where it acts nightly at the Gaiety Theatre for six weeks from June 2. While some of the London journals hold up the visitors as models to be aped in everything, others are moved to self-vindication, not to say self-assertion. The *Saturday Review*, for instance, has had a long article contrasting Miss Ellen Terry with Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, not to the disadvantage of the former. Now, Miss Terry is a very clever and charming woman, who acts very brilliantly when she feels in the mood, and at other times impresses one only as an intelligent amateur, while Mlle. Bernhardt, whatever her artistic deficiencies and eccentricities—and they are not a few—is, at all events, a trained actress with a wonderful gift of delivery, of *diction*. The comparison evidently is not without its comic side; indeed, there is abundant food for laughter in the attitude of the London press towards

the Comédie-Française, the writers apparently having no real appreciation of the relative importance of the company or of its individual members. Perhaps the most amusing article is one contributed to the June number of the *Theatre*, a very well conducted dramatic monthly magazine, by a Mr. Edward Rose. His essay on "Our Visitors" is preceded by an editorial of welcome, an account of the origin of the company, with fewer blunders than such compilations usually contain, a "sonnet de bienvenue" in most extraordinary French, and a biographic sketch of Mile. Bernhardt, with photographs of her in "Ruy Blas" and in the male attire she wears in her studio. Mr. Rose, after remarking that this is in "some respects the best of Parisian companies," takes up the leading members of it. Mr. James has called M. Got "perhaps the first of living actors." Mr. Rose praises him, but "he is not a great actor; one is apt now and then to grow tired of him." . . . "In pure low-comedy parts . . . he is downright dull." M. Delaunay is praised also, but "he wants repose, is too conventional—hence his manner, though charming, is not the grand manner." At first M. Coquelin seemed to Mr. Rose "to possess that amount of versatility which enables a man to play all parts pretty well," but he was led to think better of him on seeing him in a low-comedy part. The paragraph devoted to the younger Coquelin—an actor of great comic force in farce and caricature—deserves to be quoted entire as a delightful specimen of insularity:

"There is one actor only in the *troupe* who yet needs to be mentioned—the one who, as an eminent critic said, seems destined to 'restore to the French stage the lost art of character-acting' [!], the one young comedian of the Français whom it is always interesting to watch, whose performances one does not know by heart before one has seen them—Ernest (the younger) Coquelin. His style always seemed to me, as contrasted with that of his companions, curiously *English*; and this because his strong point is the one in which our actors (inferior as in many other respects they may be) unquestionably do beat the French—originality."

—Among the short articles in the *Revue Historique* for January is an account of the revolt of the Jacquerie in Beauvaisis, in 1358, by J. Flammermont; it is a graphic and intelligible narration of the origin of this affair and its general course. The author differs from the historian of the Jacquerie, M. Siméon Luce, in two points—the date of the outbreak at Saint-Leu, which he fixes at May 28 instead of May 21, and its occasion. M. Luce attributes it to the instigations of the agents of Étienne Marcel, who was now at the head of the Paris insurgents; M. Flammermont regards it as growing out of one of those disputes between soldiers and peasants of which the history of wars is so full. He points out that the dauphin had issued an ordinance calling upon the peasants and others to defend themselves against the outrages of the lawless soldiery, and shows by a narration of the affair at Saint-Leu that it bears every appearance of being in pursuance of this order: the aggression would seem to have come from the other side. He does not in any way extenuate the horrors of the revolt, but ends with the statement—which is too often overlooked—that the reaction, after the suppression of the insurrection, "was more abominable and bloody than the revolt itself, and the nobles and the brigands of the great companies committed as many and even more excesses than the Jacques themselves." The correction of the date is of some importance, as M. Luce had crowded the entire history of the insurrection into the week between May 21 and 27, while the present account gives it twice the space—from May 28 to June 10, when the insurgents were defeated at Clermont. It moreover gives, he asserts, a better arrangement to the events of the insurrection.

—Prof. Willems, of the University of Louvain, favorably known by his '*Droit public romain*,' has lately published a thick volume entitled '*Le Sénat de la République romaine*.' It is not a complete treatise, being devoted only to the composition of the Senate; its powers are reserved for a second volume, in which he promises to disprove Mommsen's theory of the *patrum auctoritas*. In the present volume he takes issue with Mommsen in regard to the time when plebeians were admitted to the Senate; with great plausibility, it must be admitted, as he connects it with their holding curule offices, which was not till the close of the fifth century B.C. This view is, however, connected with a theory of the origin of the plebeians which we cannot admit, as he derives them exclusively from the clients, from which it would follow, of course, that none of the class would be qualified by wealth and intelligence to have seats in the Senate as early as the first years of the Republic. The most valuable part of the book is the careful analysis of the composition of the Senate at two different epochs—B.C. 179 and 55. At each date we have an approximately complete "blue book" of this important body, containing a list of members classified by rank, with a brief biography of each. This presents the same graphic view of the *personnel* of government of the

respective periods that Mr. Masson gives, in his *Life of Milton*, for the Long Parliament. The lists illustrate completely what we know from other sources as to the Senate and the orders in the state. In 179 there appear to have been 304 members, of whom 88 were patricians; in 55 the proportion of patricians had fallen to 43 out of 415.

—The third volume of Marquardt's '*Römische Staatsverwaltung*' (being the sixth volume of Marquardt and Mommsen's '*Handbuch der Römischen Alterthümer*') has been published, and treats of the *Sacralwesen*, or Public Worship, that being an integral part of administration under the Roman system. The volume is not materially enlarged—594 pages against 568 of the earlier edition; it is, however, in great part rearranged and rewritten. The new arrangement is a great improvement in the way of simplicity and clearness. It consists now of four divisions, besides a very short introduction. The first division, The Epochs of the History of the Roman Religion, contains four epochs: the Kingdom, the Republic before and after the Punic Wars, and the Empire. The second division, The Organization of the Worship, falls into three groups: the worship of the Family, the Gens, and the State. Then follows The Individual Priesthoods, a long division, nearly half of which is devoted to the College of the Pontifices, with the priesthoods dependent upon it (Rex, Flamens, Vestal Virgins, etc.); the entire division containing eleven sections. The fourth division, The Games, is by Ludwig Friedländer, author of the '*Sittengeschichte*,' and contains four sections—one general, one on the Circensian games, one on scenic games, and one on the amphitheatre. Two more volumes will complete the work: vol. iii. (Mommsen), '*Bürgerschaft und Senat*'; and vol. vii. (Marquardt), '*Privatleben*'; the fourth volume is now in the press.

#### A NEW YORK TORY DURING THE REVOLUTION.\*

ARON BURR only expressed what all men thought, in saying that the history of the American Revolution could never be truly written. He spoke bitterly, contrasting his branded and broken life with the deserved fame of better men among his contemporaries. This book is a contribution to its story, heated with the passions of the time, from one of that class which suffered worse than defeat in the exile and ruin inflicted by their countrymen. It lacks method, gravity, reflection, candor—almost all the qualities of a history. But it has the one element of truth in what it baldly tells—it shows insight into character, and its vehemence and spite suggest due correction for what it infers or implies.

The author was a native of Queens County, connected with the aristocracy of the colony, and one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the province just before and during the war. He resents the indignity thrown upon the bench when he was defeated in the hope of promotion to its second seat, by the appointment as chief-justice of William Smith, that accomplished trimmer, whose family connection screened him from due punishment for treachery to both sides, and whose doubtful loyalty was overpaid by the chief-magistracy of Canada. No forgiveness appears in these pages, which deepen with a vindictive skill all the blots in that enemy's career. Himself an unflinching loyalist, Judge Jones fell under the ban, suffered imprisonment, robbery, and at last exile and attainder, retiring to England, where he employed the few years of his life after the war in composing this indictment against nearly all who were engaged in it. Coming as an heirloom into the possession of the late Bishop Delancey, the manuscript was left by him to his son, under whose conscientious care it is now edited, and published by the Historical Society with the means provided from a fund bequeathed to it for such purposes by John D. Jones, a kinsman of the writer.

The condition of New York City in 1752 is described as one of peace and harmony. All that threatened its happiness was the conspiracy of three young lawyers, William Livingston, William Smith, and John Morin Scott, "to pull down church and state, and raise their own government and religion upon its ruins." This conspiracy, aided by certain other matters familiar to historians, which the author leaves unnoticed, continued to inflame and excite the people until the passage of the Stamp Act, in 1765. Its speedy repeal (which quieted the many) taught far seeing thinkers, and the restless and ambitious too, that what was now concession must at the next encounter become defeat. An impious thought for those, independence grew for these to be a faith and a purpose. These pages do not trace the working of the heaven, but the obduracy of so much of the lump as it could not permeate.

The author has a clear view of the importance and energy of the ec-

\* The History of New York during the Revolutionary War. By Thomas Jones. Edited by Edward Floyd Delancey. Published for the New York Historical Society by D. Appleton & Co. 1879.



eclesiastical tribunes of the day. A graduate of Yale College, he belabors Alma Mater as the nurse of sedition, faction, and republicanism. With the zeal of a loyalist churchman he assails the Presbyterian clergy as promoters of discord and preachers of wrath. What part conscience had in their preaching and what the pride of dissent, can never be known, but it was a force, and not the weakest of the forces that undermined the throne. "Without the Presbyterian clergy," John Adams once said to Josiah Quincy, "the Revolution never would have succeeded." The author takes less account, among such forces, of the pure logic of democracy, dismissing contemptuously, as party cries, the talk of the rights of man and the doctrines of equality. Nor does he pay much heed to the constitutional principles which were the life and justification of the struggle. On the other hand, he does full justice to the generally loyal feeling of the people at its beginning, to the hopes and efforts for conciliation, and to the wretchedly inadequate agencies employed for that object by the mother country.

For the royalists' conduct of the war after it became flagrant he has nothing but contempt, expressed with a civilian's rashness, but justified by contemporary military judgments. Both sides meet impartial condemnation. In the writer's opinion the success of the Revolution was due to no courage or capacity in its military leaders or its civil guides in Congress. Faction in Parliament and the imbecility of English commanders gave its occasions and invited its triumph. The armed chiefs were sybarites on one side, tyros on the other, and blunderers on both. The American army, Congress, and officials might all have been bought. Negotiations conducted by craft on the one part against raw incapacity on the other ended in a peace disgraceful to the power that conceded, and with little promise of good to the power that won it. We should never learn from these pages that Franklin was anything more than a trickster, that Washington ever won a battle or displayed one unperverted virtue, or that Jefferson existed at all. Their criticism paints Howe (and in fainter colors Clinton) as a general who slighted information, wasted opportunity, failed to combine, neglected to strike, omitted to pursue. Having the end of the war within his grasp on several distinct occasions, he refused to close his hand upon it, lest he might lose his hold on the state and profit of his position. This bitter civilian's judgment is supported by the authorities of the time. The Duke de Lauzun and Count Fersen, less prejudiced witnesses, are hardly less severe; and the lately published memoir of the Count de Deuxponts confirms their censure.

Many things combined to make the condition of loyalists in New York more intolerable than in the other colonies. The city was a nest of families wherein the larger quarrel of rebellion drew venom from private enmities. The wave of war rolled to and fro throughout the populous colony, from Montauk to Fort Stanwix and Lake George, and family feuds fed it at Albany as in New York. The long military occupation of the city, with courts suspended and government interrupted, wore out the inhabitants, while the war, carried on as the author describes it against the British treasury, lived by levy with impartial severity on loyalist and rebel alike. Moreover, the Republican party in New York was better compacted and older in growth than elsewhere; its leaders more practised, if not more statesmanlike, than in other colonies, and their followers, of mixed population, more audacious. Partisan violence at the outset was more common, and, irritated by long repression, partisan vengeance in the end more cruel than was the case in other provinces.

Two-thirds of the property-holders of New York, the richest city of the colonies, were loyalists. Some of these being in England at the outbreak of the war, remained there to lose their property at its close. Many who left the city during its brief occupation by the patriot forces refused to return at peace to rescue their fortunes at the risk of their lives. By far the greater part remained under the protection of the authority which had its seat here throughout almost all the struggle. They gained little help from that authority, and learned at last to look to it with little hope. Much of the book is taken up with surprising details of the various devices of violence and extortion invented by the king's agents to peel those miserable people. In and near the city the regular tribunals were suspended, and so-called police courts, set up under military management, became mere machines for exaction. In the city the loyalists were squeezed; on their farms throughout Long Island and Westchester they were harried by foragers and plunderers of both sides, sometimes carried off prisoners to Connecticut, now and then killed in fray or cold blood. Throughout the colonies, in Carolina as in New York, the writer assures us they were worse used by the English troops

than the rebels were. At the peace the greater number, of course, submitted to the new order of things. Many families emigrated to the West Indies and to Canada, evacuation being humanely protracted by Sir Guy Carleton till transports could be provided for those who flocked to this port, to the number, it is said, of 100,000. In the northern provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the descendants of these refugees form at this day the strength of the population, their leaders having been rewarded by the crown with important offices. Has New York gained or lost by exchanging these wanderers for the immigrants, so different in quality, who came afterwards to fill their places?

The great Tory landholders suffered most severely. An act of attainder, passed in 1779, menaced their lives and confiscated their lands to the use of the State. Other statutes, passed in 1784, in violation, or at the least in evasion, of the treaty of peace carried out the cruel purpose of the first. These laws are an indelible stain on the history of New York. The great De Lancey estate, lying in the heart of the city, assessed to-day at a valuation of sixty-three millions, was parcelled into lots, sold, and paid for in the depreciated currency of the time. There exist in New York fortunes built up out of speculation in the ruins of that one. Scarcely any more curious chapter of New York's private history could be written than one which should begin with the record of the Commissioners of Forfeitures. Nor is it easy to find a parallel for the story of vicissitudes which befell a family crushed and exiled from its native seat by religious persecution, to find its ruin repeated in a later generation and another hemisphere through political fury.

It would be the first instance in the history of civil strife if the families then controlling New York could be parted asunder by a sharp line as loyalist and rebel. So intermixed were they through alliances that each party, often conveniently, found kin in the other's camp. As a general fact, however, the De Lancey connection, Episcopalians, landholders, and officials, were on the king's side; while the Livingstons, Presbyterians of provincial estates or lawyers in the city, held to the people's. Neither of these names was Dutch, but it would be a mistake to infer that the blood of either race was not. It was wholly so on the spindle side. The descendant of Norman nobles, coming over in 1686, and the adventurer (in the old and better sense) of Scotch stock, landing in New Amsterdam in 1674, chose wives, as their merit warranted, from the good and rich Holland families, and among such families at that day the range of choice was large. Kinship and cross-marriages resulted in intricate family connections between the two parties. The persistence of original New York names is remarkable. Of those given in the notes as recorded on the list of the Committee of Sixty in 1774, and on the longer one of signers of the "Petition to be restored to the King's peace" in 1776, not many, in their identical form, are extinct, and fewer still if they are traced through the female line. Our author's simple rule disregards lineage—his censure is all for liberals, his praise all for Tories, nor does station silence his reviling, nor sex check his insinuations.

In some of his elaborate and careful notes the editor takes pains to correct the wrong done to certain memories by the work itself. Others are piously devoted to the praiseworthy task of rehabilitating certain names long marked by ignorant prejudice with the common slur of Toryism. A few, and it is to be regretted that they are not fewer, give particularity and detail to the hints of the text upon misfortunes or faults known as painful traditions in the families they concern, and useless to history. In general, the pains and research bestowed upon the notes, making them far the most interesting part of the publication, deserve hearty praise, as do the form and dress of the volumes. Very likely they will provoke controversy; but whether accepted or contested they are a valuable and in some respects unique addition to the literature of the subject they illustrate.

*The Recorder of Birmingham: A Memoir of Matthew Davenport-Hill; with selections from his correspondence.* By his daughters, Rosamond and Florence Davenport-Hill. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1878.)—We took this volume up with such dreary anticipations as to its character that, having read it, we feel almost as if an apology were due to its authors at the outset for our suspicions. Memorial volumes by near relations constitute, as a rule, a class of literature by itself which has to be judged by special rules. The tendency of the authors of such books is always to print much that had far better remain in manuscript, and at the same time to leave out much that would really interest the public. Their relation to the public is apt to be a false one, for, instead of having for their first aim to interest their audience, they generally proceed upon the assumption that interest must be aroused

when their own feelings are so deeply enlisted. Consequently, as a general thing, however valuable as a memorial for family or friends, such books are rarely very much more, while in their revelations of the most secret and sacred passages of their subject's life they frequently shock the reader's taste. We say all this at once to discriminate absolutely from such memorial literature the life of Mr. Hill. If it did not bear his daughters' names on the title-page we should hardly have guessed that it was the work of members of his family. It is a well-written biography of a lawyer who eminently deserved to have his life written, composed with great simplicity and good taste. The book might have been shortened with advantage, but there is no other respect in which it could have been improved.

Matthew Hill was born in 1792 and died in 1872, at the age of seventy-nine. Although not a famous lawyer, he was a man of remarkable abilities, and filled the judicial positions to which he was called with success. He was connected with several celebrated cases, among others that of the Baron de Bode, of which a very clear statement is given in an appendix, and the libel suit of the Duke of Beaufort against the proprietors of the *Spectator*. For some years he sat in Parliament for Hull, where he took part in the passage of several measures of more than temporary importance.

Mr. Hill's life covered a period marked by the most enormous changes in the whole system of English law. Born in the reign of George III., and living far into that of Victoria, coming on to the public stage at about the time of the beginning of the agitation for reform which secured its first great popular triumph in the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832, but which did not spend its force till a generation later, he lived in an atmosphere of reform, and was, like his friend Lord Brougham, by temperament and disposition, and soon by habit, rather a reformer than a lawyer. His mind turned from the first not so much to the legal aspect of the questions that came before him as to their relation to the happiness or improvement of mankind. In abstract questions of law, or in the applied art of trying cases, he seems to have taken little interest. The improvement of the criminal law, the reformation of delinquents, the equal and exact administration of justice were matters of the gravest importance to him. In fact, he was by no means an obscure member of that school of English law reformers which fell heir to the teachings of Bentham, and in a great measure carried them into practical effect. Their work was so thoroughly done, and the system they overturned was so barbarous, that we are apt now to overlook the importance of the services they rendered to humanity. It is difficult nowadays to imagine a state of society in which prisoners accused of offences punishable with death were not allowed counsel; in which the difficulty of repressing crime was met by constantly enlarging the list of capital offences; in which large classes of society were deprived by their religion of the benefit of the laws of the country of which they were subjects; in which truth was no justification of a libel, and parties could not be witnesses in their own behalf. In the first half of the century in England law-reform was a crying necessity. Mr. Hill had his share either as a writer for the press, or in Parliament or on the bench, in advancing almost all the great reforms of this kind, as his correspondence with Brougham bears witness. Later in life he shared the fate of most reformers, of finding most of the causes which he had at heart as a young man triumphant, and being obliged to look about him for new ones. By a singular process of reasoning he persuaded himself that a prohibitory law was the goal to which reformers ought to direct their efforts. This was in 1855. During the remainder of his life he was more or less identified with the cause of temperance.

Of Mr. Hill's private life and character this book gives a pleasing account. A man of generous sympathies, amiable disposition, and unflinching courage, he seems to have endeared himself to all who knew him, and to have enjoyed the respect and consideration of many of the most distinguished men of his time. We find him corresponding with Brougham on the ticket-of-leave system; on the temperance question; on criminal procedure; on popular recreation, and a host of other subjects coming under the head of law-reform, or what is now called Social Science.

As in the case of most lawyers, Mr. Hill's life was spent without much external incident. Consequently his daughters' memoir can hardly be said to have much narrative interest. It contains, however, several good stories, and an entertaining account of Mr. Hill's childhood and early life. In 1814 he made his first journey to Paris. Having heard of the then universal bargaining over prices in French shops, he adopted the novel plan of notifying the shopkeeper that he understood the custom;

that it was not to his taste; that, considering it a waste of time, he had brought a book, which he would proceed to read until the proper time had elapsed, when, if the shopkeeper would state the price which otherwise would have been arrived at by chaffering, he would make his purchase. This plan seems to have worked admirably. An amusing anecdote relating to Mrs. Siddons belongs to this period. Some child remarked of the actress that people called her tall, though she was not so in fact. Mrs. Siddons replied: "No, my dear, I am not tall, but I have a tall manner." On his admission to the bar Mr. Hill chose the Midland Circuit, and some reminiscences are given of the Circuit mess, the most singular one being the fact that drinking claret seems to have been regarded as a crucial test of the character of a new member; not, of course, on the score of temperance, but because claret being then a highly-taxed wine, it appears to have been thought that men of extreme views might avoid drinking it in order to escape from contributing to the revenues at the disposal of the government. The somewhat antique social condition of the lower classes of the population in the counties embraced by the Midland Circuit may be inferred from a conversation between a Dudley man and a Stourbridge man, vouched for by Mr. Hill as true, on the subject of a candidate for office:

"Dudley Man.—Oi say, surree, hew dust thee vovt for?"

"Stourbridge Man.—I caw tell; I've not made up my mind."

"Dudley Man.—Whoysna vovt for —? Thar best feller ee the wurrld; dammed his own feyther at foiv' ear ode!"

In 1848 Mr. Hill went to Paris for a short time, and on his return stayed at Brougham Hall. The following anecdote we have never seen in print before:

"Brougham gave a dinner to Sir Walter Scott, and asked Wellington, Croker, and John Banks to meet him. Scott was the hero, and was expected to talk; but Croker went off at score, and nobody could edge in a word. Banks, a rival talker, did not attempt it, but worked hard at his dinner, watching, nevertheless, his opportunity. At length Croker left an opening, into which Banks rushed, and held it for a long time. At last, however, Croker getting another innings, addressed to the Duke a full narrative of the battle of Waterloo, correcting him when by signs Wellington showed that he had the presumption to differ from his teacher. From Waterloo Croker got to percussion-caps. But now he was on forbidden ground."

"Croker," exclaimed the Duke, "you may understand the battle of Waterloo, but I'll be damned if you know anything of copper caps!"

On the occasion of another visit to Brougham Hall Lord Brougham, speaking of Erskine, cited an impromptu riddle of his which is new to us, and which we commend to our readers' ingenuity:

"I never can die, though I may not live long;  
I seldom do right, though I cannot do wrong;  
My jowl is quite purple, my brain is quite fat;  
Come, riddle my riddle, what am I—what, what?"

*Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* By George Eliot. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1879.)—In her later work George Eliot has moralized at such length as to weary the best-natured of novel-readers, and make them wish sometimes that she had put her wise saws into an appendix, and so facilitated judicious skipping for those who do not care for such seasoning of their afternoon amusement. In this book she has dropped all pretence of a story; so those who care only for her narrative may go by on the other side with an easy conscience. Theophrastus Such is a satirical moralist, and displays in the first chapters, where he talks of himself, an eccentric and amusing individuality; he is a man known to enquiring strangers as "the author of a book which you have probably not read," and who assigns to his awkward feet, long upper lip, and bad gait his failure to get recognition. He is of little consequence, however, being only a ventriloquist trick to deceive the audience, and as the book goes on the author speaks in her natural voice, without much attempt to maintain the characterization with which she began. The town-people she has met and the contemporary opinions to which she has listened are the objects of her satire—bores and the thoughts of bores, in other words. She has set up warning placards, as it were, on the broad way of stupidity, or over the demesne of the literary man-eater, or on the hat of the pitiable fellow who always carries it in his hand and twirls it deferentially in a mistaken effort to please. The characters she describes, natural, lifelike as a party in any parlor, resemble, nevertheless, those mild-eyed, moving advertisements who, in obedience to American ingenuity, perambulate the thronged streets of New York. The youthful Ganyমেদে, "so young," precocious, with the brilliant future, who at forty is "the sad survivor of his own manifest destiny," but is still pardoned by able pens because he is so "remarkably young," in conformity with "the high Homeric precedent for keeping fast hold of an epithet under all



changes of circumstances"; "the half-breed," who set out to be a literary philanthropist after he should make money, and finds himself with millions and can't get himself recognized as a literary philanthropist, remembering the youthful vision and ill at ease in the cushions he never meant to occupy; "the watch-dog of knowledge," who "equips himself with a penknife to give the offender a *comprachico* countenance, a mirror to show him the effect, and a pair of nailed boots to give him his dismissal, all this to teach him who the Romans really were, and to purge enquiry of incompetent intrusion, so rendering an important service to mankind" (a character illustrated well by the author's story of Pummel: "What is the cause of the tides, Pummel?" "Well, sir, nobody rightly knows. Many gives their opinion, but if I was to give mine, it 'ud be different")—so the catalogue goes on with the man of bad temper, the ready writer, and other incompetent or malformed individualities which the reader will recognize and apply to this or that acquaintance too readily, perhaps, for it is only in the looking-glass that it is difficult to recognize a bore.

Much space is devoted to scourging the current opinions of the professedly cultivated, such as the wish to have lived in the time of Leonardo or of the *Æolie* lyrists, and the doctrine of compensation for one's apparent failure by a rise in his spiritual value, which is termed a very odious sort of self-cajolery. But the opinion that Sir Gabriel Mantrap, who was concerned in companies "ingeniously devised by him for the punishment of ignorance in people of small means," is a moral man because he is, as Melissa says, "an excellent family man—quite blameless there, and so charitable round his place at Tiptop," is a falsehood which calls out a most vigorous denunciation and the healthiest comment on the present meaning of morality in society; and the prejudice against the Jews receives, in what is the most powerful chapter of the book, a sound drubbing of such vigor as shows a true pleasure in wielding the whip. It is a piece of forcible argument, brilliant declamation, and open scorn, with so much heart in it that we fancy it was called out by the criticisms on the weakness and visionary scheme of Daniel Deronda, and is a defence of his nobility and wisdom; and this is almost certain from the conclusion:

"Every Jew should be conscious that he is one of a multitude possessing common objects of piety in the immortal achievements and immortal sorrows of ancestors who have transmitted to them a physical and mental type strong enough, eminent enough in faculties, pregnant enough with peculiar promise, to constitute a new beneficent individuality among the nations, and, by confuting the traditions of scorn, nobly avenge the wrongs done to their fathers. There is a sense in which the worthy child of a nation that has brought forth illustrious prophets, high and unique among the poets of the world, is bound by their visions. Is bound? Yes; for the effective bond of human action is feeling, and the worthy child of a people owning the triple name of Hebrew, Israelite, and Jew feels his kinship with the glories and the sorrows, the degradation and the possible renovation of his national family."

This various criticism of contemporary life, there is no need to say, is full of intelligence and pith, animated, marked by exactness of illustration and aptitude of allusion, not overburdened with philosophic or scientific references, and penetrating to the core of matters; but it deals only with the absurdities, ignorance, and stupidity of men, and the race makes but a sorry figure before its spectacles, frequently merely through inevitable failure. Here and there a short colloquy recalls the novelist, and there is a fine passage on the peculiar attraction of English scenery; but it is in the main a fund of experience, a collection of maxims, a transcript of morals and manners, which is full of suggestion to the reader, and may help him if he be not himself too hardly struck, and will, at any rate, afford the novel amusement to the bored of transforming their torturers into comic actors.

*Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. (Boston: Roberts Bros. 1879.)—This is one of the pleasantest of outdoor books, an excellent description of the places and people the traveller saw in the little-known and picturesque Cévennes, and an amusing narrative of the adventures he met with in his twelve days' journey, in which he tramped with no companion but a donkey to carry his pack, and no purpose but to go where civilization would not din in his ears. He is communicative, almost familiar, like one (to use his own illustration) who writes a letter to friends, sure of their good-will and their interest in himself. At first his own haps and mishaps, arising from his inexperience, or from peasant surliness, or from nature's lack of consideration for the camper-out, fill his daily journal with the human nature, the barrenness and poverty of Velay and Upper Gévaudan, until he reaches his first resting place, the Trappist Monastery of Our Lady of the Snows.

Notwithstanding the common report of Trappist rigor, he found this monastery a tolerably comfortable abode. The vow of silence is remitted to those who entertain visitors, and the traveller found it easier to begin than to break off conversation. "They were full," he says; "of kind and healthy interest in all sorts of subjects—in politics, in voyages, in my sleeping-sack—and not without a certain pleasure in the sound of their own voices." In the cell of one brother he found the Waverley Novels, in the library were Veuillot, Châteaubriand, the *Odes et Ballades*, and Molière. Each had his special employ of his own choice; one bound books, another made roads, another was a photographer. It is true the workingman's day is there eighteen hours long, the meals but two, and from September to Easter only one each day, scanty and eaten of sparingly with voluntary denial of a small *carafe* of wine; but the monks were "firm of flesh and high in color," noticeable only for an extreme brilliancy of eye. Death, however, is a frequent visitor, when the Trappist lies down in his habit as he lived, and at the last moment the monastic bells ring out for joy that another soul is with God.

After leaving this monastery Mr. Stevenson walked on through the country of the Camisards, "the Cévennes of the Cévennes," the scene of that prolonged and bloody Protestant revolt which, as he happily says, makes so romantic a foot-note in the world's history. He adorns his pages with reminiscences of that time, and brings out fairly the difference between the Scotch Covenanters and these Southern Covenanters, who resembled them so closely in their belief, moods, and actions, and dealt much more in blood, yet differed from them in the cheerfulness and peace which were transmitted, the author thinks, from the climate and landscape, and forbade the gloom and superstitious terror that oppressed the North with a waking nightmare. He tells an old and beautiful story, one of the most beautiful in all the history of martyrdom, how Pierre Séguier, who had led the attack on Du Cheyla's house, and had given the first of the fifty-two wounds with which his body was pierced, on being captured and tried replied to his judges: "My soul is like a garden full of shelter and of fountains"; and with these words went to his torture. In the midst of this country and these associations the journey comes to an abrupt end, having been one well worth recording and reading for its humor, sentiment and romance, its graceful sympathies and fine perceptions, as well as for the instruction it so pleasantly and modestly conveys.

*Cassell's Illustrated History of the Russo-Turkish War.* By Edmund Ollier, author of "Cassell's Illustrated History of the United States," etc., etc. Vol. I. From the Commencement of the War to the Fall of Plevna. Including an historical sketch of the Russian and Turkish Empires. (London and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.)—No date is attached to the title-page of this volume, but the contents indicate its publication, in parts at least, before the termination of the war, as Montenegro, Servia, and Rumania are still spoken of as dependencies of Turkey, and some speculations show that the issue of the struggle was still a matter of doubt to the author when he wrote his earlier chapters. The book is thus one of those hasty compilations of contemporaneous history, executed in instalments during the course of the events which they are to record. One of the necessities of such compilations is to devote much space to preliminary matter and extensive retrospects, which, while giving the reader the introductory information required for a good understanding of the subject, furnish the writer the time required for studying the passing occurrences. This plan Mr. Ollier has pursued with due regard to the extent of his work and the wants of that portion of the public for which it was undertaken, namely, the mass of readers to whom rudimentary knowledge, presented in a plain and pleasant form, is much more acceptable than more strictly literary information presupposing some study and demanding close attention. The whole history of both Russia and Turkey, from the foundation of those empires to the outbreak of the war, is sketched at length in a number of chapters. To demand strict correctness from ephemeral compilations of this character would be applying an unfair standard of criticism. Comparatively speaking—with due consideration of the position which it pretends to occupy in the world of books—this history is well enough executed as far as its narratives go, barring the spelling of names, which betrays the levity common among compilers from newspaper files. The war events and political complications are related with laudable minuteness, in a pleasant, unadorned style, without any attempt at creating effect by sensational coloring. Of course, there is no critical sifting of materials, and generally that correspondence of the London *Daily News*, *Times*, or *Telegraph* is chosen in preference as the exclusive authority which at the

time appeared the most striking or the fullest. The author knows none but English authorities. What must render the book specially attractive to its class of readers is its large number of illustrations, some of which are good, and most of which are tolerably instructive. What chiefly impairs its value as a work of historico-political information is its extraordinary partiality for the Turks as against their enemies, a partiality which is productive of a vast amount of talk against Mr. Gladstone, Carlyle, the *Daily News*, Count Andrassy, the Triple Alliance, etc., and of many forced apologetic efforts in behalf of the Crescent. Some points, however, are well taken, and the author's bias, fortunately, does not lead him to the suppression or garbling of facts.

*Lectures on French Poets.* Delivered at the Royal Institution. By Walter Herries Pollock. (London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.)—These four attractive lectures, excepting the first upon Béranger, illustrate the beginning of the romantic school of France, which in these later days is fulfilling the prophecy of De Musset, here quoted: "There, tell me if imaginative literature can live when people so brutalize their readers and themselves. Do you not see that this housemaids' literature will generate a whole new world of ignorant and half-savage readers? I know well enough it will die one day of its own excesses; but before that it will have disgusted finer minds with reading." This disgust is turning many from the school already, but its history is well worth study for the light it throws on French social conditions for the historian and the moralist, and because its errors and eccentricities so forcibly confirm the laws of art. Mr. Pollock has not attempted much criticism; his work is biographic rather. He introduces us to the men who founded the school, describes the great contest of 1829, and the early years of its strength, and aims at interesting those who are unfamiliar with it, and leading them to read. His purpose and method are both excellent; he lets the poets reveal themselves by their own words and acts, and has woven his narrative very skilfully of delightful quotation and instructive comment. The lectures are not profound, and contain little that is original or not commonly known to those acquainted with French literature; but for those who enter with little or no preparation on the reading of Victor Hugo and De Musset the author has done commendable service. The lecture on De Musset is from the hand of a friend of the poet, and his life is interpreted with more truth and human sympathy than in Henry James's late essay: one sees the source and excuse for the increasing number of De Musset's lovers, for a less strong word would not express the abandonment of many of his admirers. Victor Hugo is less finely described; he is too great and of too varied power to be treated adequately in the space given to him. The lecture on Béranger is very good, and for the same reason as that on De Musset, because the author quotes freely. The secret of Béranger is made plain at the beginning: "I have sometimes thought," he says, "that if contemporary writers had reflected that henceforth it is for the people that letters must be cultivated, they would not have envied me the little palm which their neglect has enabled me to gather, and which, I doubt not, would have held its own among even more glorious rivalry. When I say the people I mean the mob—I mean even the lowest grade of the populace." No wonder the people loved him, and that from his faith in them he drew courage as well as inspiration. We again commend the book to those who have not read or, reading, have not enjoyed Béranger, De Musset, and Victor Hugo.

*Handbuch der Archäologie der Kunst.* Von Dr. Carl Bernhard Stark. Erster Band, Erste Abtheilung. (Leipzig, 1878. New York: L. W. Schmidt.)—This is the first part of the first volume of a comprehensive work on the archaeology of art, to be completed in three octavo volumes. It contains one of three books which are intended as an introductory and systematic essay on archaeology, a science whose limits, according to the author, have hitherto been arbitrarily restricted, in striking contrast with the latitude implied by the very derivation of the term. The recent discoveries of hitherto unknown civilizations of antiquity, the ever-widening and light-shedding studies of historic and prehistoric times have considerably changed and expanded the lines of demarcation. The history of the study of archaeology on general principles is, as the author assumes, almost a new chapter in science. Unlike his great predecessors in this field, Winckelmann, Wolf, Müller, Gell, Leake, Wilkinson, and others, who dealt with special groups only, Dr. Stark intends to establish on a broader basis a general system.

In the six paragraphs of the first chapter he explains his ideas of the limits of the archaeology of art; its relation to classical philology, to aesthetics, and to the theory of art in particular: its connection with the

general history of art and of ancient civilization; and, lastly, he gives a very ingenious and extended account of the origin and historical development of the name and system of the science of archaeology. The word *ἀρχαιολογία* was in use among the ancient Greeks, who understood by it the knowledge of a past period, quite distinct from the present, and strictly limited to the oldest history of a nation, of its government, religion, manner of warfare, physical and other characteristics. The Romans expressed the same idea by the word *antiquitates*. The Greek term occurs in Plato, Thucydides, and other writers; the Latin in Juvenal, Tacitus, and Suetonius. The second chapter classifies the science with regard to its propædæutic, historic, and typological bearings. The third and last chapter of the first part is the most considerable, and by far the most interesting, portion of the volume. The author begins with a review of archaeological studies in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in the spirit of the Renaissance. The genius of Petrarch and Boccaccio, which had already influenced poets and scholars, began to exercise authority over all men of culture, and particularly over students of the plastic arts. Colas di Rienzi, in his attempt to re-establish the old splendor of the Roman Republic, appealed with impassioned language to the noble architectural monuments of those days as witnesses of the greatness of that time. The ancient statues in Padua and in the gardens of the Medici in Florence became the models of Michel Angelo and his contemporaries. The study of medals and coins had its origin in this period of struggle for the regeneration of arts and letters. As the first literary fruit of this stirring epoch the works of the great Florentine, Leon Battista Alberti (1404-1472)—"Breve compendium de componenda statua," "De pictura libri tres," and his principal work, "De re ædificatoria"—deserve foremost mention. Dr. Stark proceeds to review the progress made during the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries, giving detailed accounts of, and copious extracts from, the writings of the pioneers of the science in Italy, France, the Netherlands, England, and Germany. The concluding portion of the chapter leads us to the epoch immediately preceding our own, which introduced into the study of archaeology the broad principles of the general philosophy of the beautiful, of which Winckelmann may be considered the author. It reviews the discoveries of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the Greek monuments in lower Italy and Sicily, the necropolis of Etruria, the ruins on the coast of Dalmatia, and the beginning of the great state collections in Europe. It gives a careful analysis of the systems of Winckelmann, Lessing, and Wolf, as well as the influence of ancient art upon Goethe's character and writings, and finally treats of the removal of the Elgin marbles to the British Museum, of the school of French archaeologists, and the Musée Napoléon.

The notes, which form about two-thirds of the volume, indicate the sources from which Dr. Stark has drawn his information. They bear evidence of the immense amount of conscientious labor bestowed by him on a subject which in our day has few rivals in comprehensive interest.

*Essays of To-Day.* Religious and Theological. By Wm. Wilberforce Newton. (Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1879.)—Both in style and matter these essays would properly be called sermons, for they have in them much more of the pulpit than of literary skill or interest. They are the product of reading rather than thought; the author reports what he has found valuable in other men's books, and he does it very well, to judge from his quotations. Taine has impressed him more than any other secular writer, but the books of theology and church history which belong to his calling are the main sources of his knowledge. The essays on Savonarola, Lacordaire, and Edward Irving seemed to us best, particularly the latter, which is a clear, sympathetic, and interesting account of a man whose life is more touching in its tragedy than any other in the religious biography of the century. The essay upon the Schoolmen is also excellent, and contains a good deal of well-arranged information for those who know only the names of the great doctors. In the theological essays there is little of interest to the general reader. The author shows a liberal conservatism, and apparently looks for a reform in the direction of less dogmatic statement in creeds, but insists on the necessity of retaining distinctly the fundamental truths, such as the personality of God. He calls Matthew Arnold's philosophic theology "charlatanism," and classes it with "Turnerism in painting, Carlyleism in history, and Wagnerism in music." The clerical temper is strong in him, and he displays not unfrequently the clerical habit of allowing his logic to evaporate into rhetoric. "See the way," he says, "in which, in this suffering world, God has written it as a law in our nature that it is only by sacrifice the best results of character can be obtained, and then who can refuse this same



privilege to the Almighty?" He is showing the reasonableness of the Atonement, but a sceptical mind might suggest a query as to how sacrifice is a "privilege" to the Almighty when its value is stated to lie in its power to better character. This is an illustration of a common fault. The essay on original sin contains an admirable résumé of the opinions of Coleridge and Müller. It seems to us a misfortune that these latter essays, of which the interest is so professional, should have been bound up with the earlier and more generally useful essays.

*Life Questions.* By M. J. Savage. (Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 1879.)—These seven Sunday morning addresses are reprinted, at the request of the author's friends, from stenographic reports. They are not put out as a careful consideration of the questions propounded, or as contributing much that is novel to the discussion of them, but as advice befitting an educated man talking to a congregation upon money, culture, love, good society, the world, the body, work and play. Mr. Savage's well-known position in religious matters prepares the reader for some sensational radicalism which to the orthodox might seem profane, as when he speaks of morality as "simply a sentiment," or where he dwells very strongly on physical culture, so that to judge from that lecture he would seem to have the cure of bodies rather than of souls for his special business in life. Here is an interesting sentence which shows his great sympathy with medicine, and his sense of its necessity as a sort of preliminary to theology:

"It is said you must live on Graham bread, oatmeal mush, on this thing or on that; or you must not eat more than one kind of thing at a meal. Do not think these are unimportant things, not dignified enough to be spoken of in the pulpit. I tell you they reach to your mind and to your morals; they reach to your theology; they reach clear to heaven, so far as you are concerned, and are of fundamental importance, touching your religious and moral life a good deal more, sometimes, than what you think about the Bible, or think about Sunday, or think about any other religious institution whatever."

His advice is to eat as many things as you want and can get—a conclusion so broad that there will be no need of detailed consideration of diet, and the ground for "the Bible" and "Sunday" is left tolerably clear and open. After medicine play seems to occupy his thoughts, as we are oppressed by our inherited Puritanism, which numbs our power of stopping work and must be eradicated; but how, he confesses he does not know. This is, we believe, a novel consideration in the problem of the number of hours which should constitute a day's work. On other subjects, where the originality of the view is not so unquestionable, Mr. Savage's advice is clear, timely, direct, and well-considered, coinciding with the common sense of most educated men.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Adams (H.), Writings of Albert Gallatin, 3 vols. ....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Alexander (Mrs.), Maid, Wife, or Widow? .....	(Henry Holt & Co.) \$1 00
American Catalogue, Vol. I., Part 3, Lenoir-Robbie. ....	(A. C. Armstrong & Son)
Appleton's General Guide to the U. S. and Canada. ....	(D. Appleton & Co.) 2 50
Arnold (W. T.), Roman System of Provincial Administration. ....	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 75
Blackie (W.), How to Get Strong, and How to Stay so. ....	(Harper & Bros.) 1 00
Bowditch (W. L.), Woman Suffrage a Right, swd. ....	(Cambridge)
Bucke (Dr. R. M.), Man's Moral Nature. ....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 1 50
Caldweller (Prof. H.), Relations of Mind and Brain. ....	(Macmillan & Co.) 4 00
Clare and Piché: a Tale. ....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Codman (J.), The Round Trip. ....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 1 50
Colonel's Opera Cloak. ....	(Roberts Bros.) 1 00
Couture (T.), Conversations on Art Methods. ....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 1 25
Eliot (George), Impressions of Theophrastus Such. ....	(Harper & Bros.)
Foster (Hannan A.), Hilda: a Poem. ....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 25
Frazier (Dr.), Practical Boat-sailing. ....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 00
Gallaudet (Prof. E. M.), Manual of International Law. ....	(A. S. Barnes & Co.) 1 50
Gobright (L. A.), Echoes of Childhood. ....	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelinger) 1 00
Gray (Prof. A.), Structural Botany, 6th ed. ....	(Iverson, Blakeman & Co.)
Guest (Miss M. J.), Lectures on the History of England. ....	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Haeckel (Prof. E.), Evolution of Man, 2 vols. ....	(D. Appleton & Co.) 5 00
Hilbert (Wilhelmine von), Geier-Wally: a Tale, swd. ....	" 30
Howe (J. B.), Mono-metallism and Bi-metallism. ....	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.)
Jeffries (Dr. B. J.), Color-Blindness. ....	" 2 00
Jolly (W.), Combe's Principles and Practice of Education. ....	(Macmillan & Co.) 5 00
Le Brun (Mme. V.), Souvenirs. ....	(R. Worthington) 1 75
Legouvé (E.), Art of Reading. ....	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelinger) 1 50
Lewis (J. D.), Letters of the Younger Pliny. ....	(Tribner & Co.)
Long (J. D.), Æneid of Virgil, metrically translated. ....	(Lockwood, Brooks & Co.) 2 00
Mallock (W. H.), Is Life Worth Living? .....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 1 50
Merville (Rev. C.), Epochs of Early Church History. ....	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 1 50
Napier (M.), Selection from the Correspondence of Macvey Napier. ....	(Macmillan & Co.) 4 00
Rhodes (W. J.), Origin and History of Smithsonian Institution. ....	(Washington)
Robertson (Margaret M.), David Fleming's Forgiveness. ....	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) 1 25
Sewall (A. C.), Life of Prof. Albert Hopkins. ....	" 1 50
Siegvolk (P.), A Bundle of Papers. ....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 1 25
Troilope (A.), Thackeray. ....	(Harper & Bros.) 75
Webster (N.), Dictionary of the English Language, new ed. ....	(G. & C. Merriam)
Wicks (Dr. S.), History of Medicine and Medical Men in New Jersey. ....	(Martin B. Dennis & Co.) 3 50

## Fine Arts.

## THE USES OF A MUSEUM OF ART.

THE *Times* of Sunday, May 25, contained an article about the Metropolitan Museum of Art in which it was charged upon that institution that it had done nothing but collect and house works of art. This,

by itself, does not seem a very formidable indictment: it is like an accusation against a shoemaker that he does nothing but make boots and shoes. It is generally thought a virtue to stick to one's own business. But there is a good deal of pressure upon the Museum just now, all intended to persuade or to browbeat the trustees into adding to their cares the organization of art-schools, and this paper in the *Times* is a part of that influence. In it the "public-spirited members of the Board of Trustees" are assured that "their present Museum is not arranged for the best interests of the commonwealth." It is pointed out that South Kensington has its home schools and its branch schools throughout England; that Boston has its art-school, organized in connection with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; that it is the duty of the New York institution to take the same course, either alone or by inviting the co-operation of the Cooper Union, the Students' Art League, the Academy of Design, and the Society of Decorative Art, these four institutions being separately named. It is asserted that in this way the Museum would become more popular, and that if it would "look farther than to the mere acquisition of this or that collection of ceramics, paintings, or antiquities," its appeals for money would be listened to.

In all this the objects and the uses of a Museum of Art are, we think, overlooked or belittled, as a consequence of an ardent and proper advocacy of other means of education. Schools of art are good things, and are not entirely unknown even to this community. Schools for the instruction of those who would be painters or sculptors already exist—few, indeed, but their importance is universally admitted, and it is only the ease with which the great schools of Europe are reached that delays a little longer the foundation of many more. Schools for mechanics, to teach them drawing and modelling, power of observation, knowledge of form and feeling for color, can hardly be said to exist as yet; but serious undertakings are in progress, and the only cause of backwardness in this movement is the actual difficulty of it—the difficulty in deciding what is to be done, the absence of good instructors and those who can advise, the uncertainty lest more harm be done than good in turning out half-taught, and therefore conceited and bumptious, "designers" instead of trained workmen. The post-graduate courses of the great colleges are beginning to provide definite instruction in the theory and history of art, and practical instruction also so far as drawing goes, and in some cases more than that; some of the colleges, indeed, include in their regular curriculum a fair amount of teaching in these directions; the public schools in many parts of the country give only too much time to drawing-lessons by means of an ingenious "Drawing-without-a-master" apparatus, supposed to enable a teacher who may know nothing about drawing to teach it. If it must be granted that art-education has not reached any very great development with us as yet, that is true of all the branches of the higher education. There is always the tendency in America to confuse the teaching everybody a little with the teaching a few completely, and to fill the community with persons who have been taught just enough to make them hasty and presumptuous in pronouncing upon all the subjects of thought and training.

It is just here that the Museums of Art should be brought into the body of teaching as standards of right and wrong, tribunals of appeal. Silent teachers, they are not less eloquent because of their silence. Their mission is to get together works of art of all schools and epochs; to exhibit them well, so that they can be seen easily, clearly, on all sides, closely, in a good, pure light; to catalogue and describe them as thoroughly as possible, so that every five minutes given to the examination of an object of art and to the study of what the catalogue says about it shall be a positive lesson in historical criticism, in design, in technic, or in all combined. Museums as museums have no other object than this. Direct art-teaching by means of lectures, ateliers, lessons of all sorts, may organize itself outside, and in more or less close connection with the Museums; but there are serious questions that must be answered before a Museum itself undertakes to provide teaching other than the teachings of its collections and catalogues.

But of all those questions there is only one that ought to be considered now in connection with the New York Museum of Art—the question whether the organization is ready to grapple with a new and most difficult, most harassing, most ungrateful task, when the old and already familiar duty is only in part discharged. The Museum's collections are small; they are limited to the Cesnola discoveries, a collection of paintings of which some are of real value and importance, and a very few other acquisitions. To increase them should be the first object of all friends of the institution and of sound knowledge and love of art. The Museum's collections, small as they are, were not half exhibited in the Fourteenth

Street building, as was inevitable; now, in the new quarters, it is to be hoped there will be opportunity and care united to remedy that evil. The Museum has done little in the way of catalogues and hand-books of instruction, and that from obvious reasons; it takes time to study such a collection as that made by General di Cesnola, and it takes trained skill to elucidate and describe it, neither of which has the Museum had as yet. In short, the Museum is on the point of a new departure, with a much larger and probably fire-proof building, with a regular director, and, we suppose, a sufficient staff of assistants. New and rapid development is possible to it. To arrange and display in the most perfect fashion all it now possesses, to call together loan collections, whether for definite fixed

times or in the old way, ever changing and ever renewed, to describe and explain the Museum's property perfectly and the loan collections as well as may be practicable, and to take all honorable and worthy means of gaining the favor and approval of those who can give, so that what with donations and bequests in kind, and with subscriptions in money, the collections shall steadily grow and increase—such, we take it, are the obvious duties of the Museum of Art. The trustees and the officers have their work cut out for them, if they undertake only this in a vigorous and thorough-going spirit. Let others found the needed school or schools, and the school and the museum can then aid one another to grow and to teach.

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